

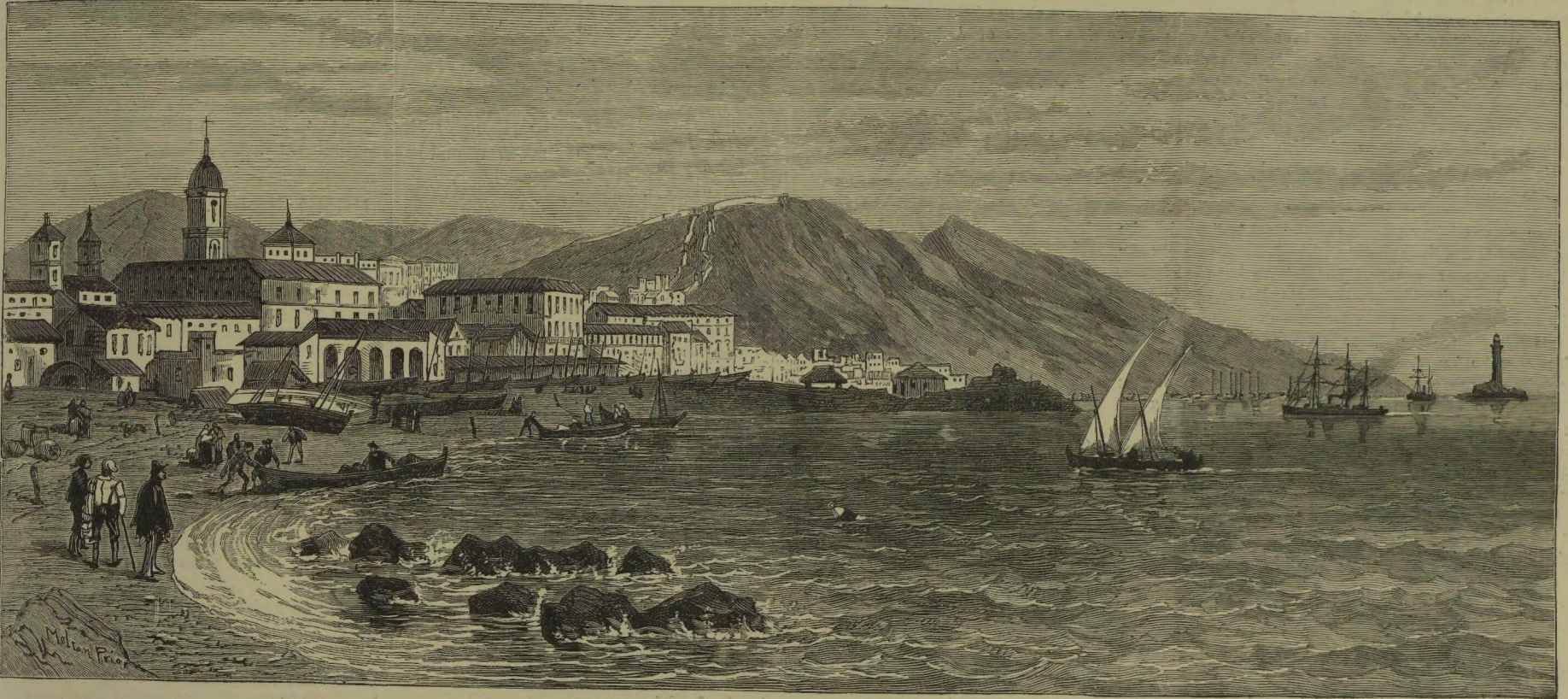
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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TWO {SIXPENCE.
WHOLE SHEETS } By Post, 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.



THE PORT OF MALAGA.



THE STONE BRIDGE AT SARAGOSSA.

THE DESTRUCTIVE FLOODS IN SPAIN.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

In an otherwise excellent article upon modern travelling, the *Spectator* is very hard upon those who make complaints in the newspapers when things go wrong with them on their journeys, and denounces them as molly-coddles and Cockneys.

When a man travels he mustn't look queer
If he meets with some bothers he doesn't meet here!

sang the elder Mathews, and in his day there were a good many bothers; but there is surely a great difference in this matter between those who travel for pleasure, and are mainly induced to do so by the promise of comfort held out to them, and those who travel for profit. If we are well paid for it, we patiently endure inconveniences which we naturally resent when our only aim is to enjoy ourselves. Just as many folks are now saying "We don't care so much about an increase of wages, but some hours of leisure we must have," so there are others who would rather have less holiday in the shape of "outings," and take those they have in comfort—who would rather stay, for example, a week at a good hotel than a fortnight in a stuffy lodging-house. Luxury is necessary to nobody, but a considerable minority of mankind will prefer to stop at home rather than travel, if travelling is to entail trouble and discomfort. This state of mind of theirs is, of course, unintelligible to the man who, travelling "for pleasure," is content to share that cupboard called a cabin with a sick stranger on an Atlantic voyage; but that is no reason why they should be denounced as fastidious.

Moreover, a good many people pretend not to "mind" the disagreeables of travel who have disliked them exceedingly at the time of their occurrence. There have been occasions, perhaps, when the writer in the *Spectator* has sworn himself to sleep because of the mosquitoes of Venice or the B flats of Liège; but when he comes home his tour has "orbed into the perfect star he knew not when he moved therein," and these experiences are consequently forgotten or mislaid. He puts the reflection of them aside when he is composing his article: but when he meets with a flea in town he says, with a shudder of reminiscence, "After all, this is nothing." It is curious that though when folks don't like their work they are always ready to say so, it is very difficult to get them to confess that they don't like their pleasures. And there is nothing they lie about with such facility as their enjoyment of travel. They take it for the same reason that a woman will wear some attire that she knows is not becoming to her, because it is the fashion, but they don't like it.

The death of the daughter of Spencer Perceval, the assassinated Prime Minister of England, seems almost an historical event, the venerable lady having survived that catastrophe nearly eighty years. It is doubtful, though there was some method in his madness, whether Bellingham's mind was not unhinged by his fancied wrongs. It is from the class to which he belonged—men with an imaginary grievance against the State—that Ministers have always something to fear. He gave warning enough, both of his intention and the state of his mind, by writing an address to the police magistrates of Bow Street to solicit their interference with his Majesty's Ministers that "what is right and proper may be done" with respect to his dispute with the Russian Government, and "should this reasonable request be denied," he said, "I shall then feel warranted in executing justice myself." His victim, though one of the most blameless of Ministers, was so unpopular with the rabble that when Bellingham was hanged there were cries of "God bless you!" A large military force had to be stationed in reserve, and "all the volunteer corps in the Metropolis were kept the whole day under arms." At the execution the avenues of the Old Bailey were placarded with the following notice: "Beware of entering the crowd. Remember that thirty poor creatures were pressed to death when Haggerty and Holloway were executed."

The teetotal controversy has caused the republication of the well-known reply of the drunkard to the inquiry "Why this habitual intoxication?" "Habitual thirst!" But no observation can be more illogical. No one drinks alcoholic liquors (unless it be beer) to quench thirst. There may be a frantic desire for strong drinks, but that is an altogether different thing; one might as well call a craving for opium thirst. What, however, is rather curious, when drunkenness is caused by beer, the least harmful of ordinary intoxicants, the immediate result is more deplorable to the victim than that which arises from the more deleterious liquors. And I am told that the cider-drinker, while his intoxication lasts, suffers even still worse. Reasoning by analogy, two or three gallons of spruce beer—but the whole subject is full of difficulties and contradictions.

In some remarks upon a proposed arrangement made by an undertaker to a nurse, to the advantage of both parties, the *Hospital* is so good as to observe, "What a subject this offers to the pen of James Payn, who delights in grim jokes at the noble profession of nursing." As I never, to my knowledge, made a joke upon any such subject, and have (unhappily) many private reasons for being grateful to the calling in question, I venture to think that this statement has been made in error. However, it is fortunately remediable (by the simple operation of an apology), which is not the case with all mistakes in the hospital.

A well-known philosopher tells us how he reproved some loafing scoundrel for begging instead of working, and was disarmed by the frank reply, "Ah, but you don't know how idle I am, Sir!" A gentleman of this class has got into trouble in Vienna for asking alms in the street. The magistrate who tried him reminds one, by his interrogatories, of the English judge who left his intermediate arguments too often unexpressed ("Heaven has given you health and strength. . .

On the contrary, you go about the country stealing ducks.") And the offender, on his part, was fully equal to the occasion. He said that Heaven knew he worked hard enough—begging; that his worship, who, perhaps, had never begged, could have no idea "what a struggle it cost him every day to coax enough money into his little box to supply his wants." "No shelter?" mused the magistrate, doubtless with some picture of the houseless in his judicial mind. "Nothing but my old umbrella," replied the prisoner. "So funny!" marmured the other, thinking, doubtless, of how humour will intrude into the most bare and wretched lives. "Yes, Sir; that salt of existence is my only luxury; when I lack it I shall be found hanging from some great tree." "Workhouse?" suggested the magistrate. "Ah!" (this in a tone of exquisite pathos) "have I not often thought of that!" Then, with a smile, "But I don't want to be a burden on the community." This was surely a most attractive beggar. How different in disposition, though alike in circumstance, from those two fellow-countrymen of ours who broke thirty-three pounds' worth of plate-glass windows the other day "because they had no voice in the making of the laws." The one might have come out of the Forest of Arden, the others unmistakably belonged to Hyde Park.

It is common enough in these days to find a man with "the courage of his opinions," but very rarely to the extent of backing them for money. This, however, was very nearly done the other day by Colonel Desmond, a Theosophist who offered to pay £1000 to certain charities if he failed "to demonstrate the profession of powers inexplicable upon any scientific or materialistic principle." Nothing like this had happened since the experiment on Bedford Level to prove the flatness of the world, but which only resulted in proving that of the individual. We were all naturally much concerned with it, and especially at this season wished him success; for, among other feats, the Colonel claimed "to have removed a piano" by means of "concentration of mind-force on a thought wave." I suppose it may be taken for granted that the performer was removed with it, which would often be the cause of great thankfulness. This adaptability of the mind to the removal of furniture, and presumably of putting it back again, would just now be found very convenient, when things at home are rather higgledy-piggledy. Moreover, it would do away with that nuisance of the hour, the street "runner," who encumbers us with assistance with the luggage. I should like to see the effect upon a person of this class of a communication from the cab window that the party inside were provided with a "thought wave," and that therefore his services could be dispensed with. Unhappily, however, the Colonel has, after all, written to say that since his challenge he has had a "precipitated" letter from the East to forbid him to demonstrate.

I am extremely glad that the "umbrella fiend"—a name which I have long applied to him, but had, it seems, omitted to patent—is "catching it." If the deeds of umbrellas were inscribed upon them, as in the case of alpenstocks, many of them would have a memorable record, similar to that of Rawdon Crawley's pistols: "Same with which I poked old Jackson's eye out." Considering it is what may be called our national weapon—and, if some tales of our swords and guns be true, not inferior to others for execution and powers of offence—it is quite curious how badly it is handled. A bayonet (to take a kindred arm) is not carried at "the charge" unless the occasion demands it, and why should the umbrella be? This detestable practice is not, I fear, the result of ignorance so much as of that reckless selfishness which causes our "Arries," and, alas! our Algernons also, to throw matches or flaming fuses upon the pavement, without the precaution of putting their foot on them, though the omission may cause the next female passer-by to be burnt alive. I have noticed that the word "Idiot!" with a significant glance at the offending weapon, has the effect of causing it to be depressed to the proper angle; but it is necessary that he who gives this lesson should be an inch or two taller than the pupil.

The Librarians' Association is doing excellent work, as was, indeed, to be expected of it. Those who frequent public and other large lending libraries cannot have failed to notice the politeness and consideration with which they are treated. It perhaps arises from the civilising influence of literature—and especially of fiction, which in this case forms nine tenths of it—on the human mind. Yet, after all, this theory may be fanciful, for the most civil class in the world are railway guards, who have not the same opportunities of culture, though it is true they see a great many other people reading. Now, on the other hand, with some rare exceptions, Government officials—but there! it is so much more easy to note effects than to discover causes.

Two young gentlemen have taken a lease of "Gulland," a hitherto uninhabited island off the north coast of Cornwall, and are building a house there in which to live. They are brothers, which itself speaks well for human nature and the fraternal tie: as a rule, brothers, when grown up and their intelligence becomes mature, prefer to live apart. Gulland, as its name suggests, is the home of gulls. Is there anything suggestive in this, or will it turn out that these young men are wise? It is a dangerous experiment. On the other hand, if their Robinson Crusoe yearning turns out to be transitory, they can easily remedy the matter, provided the sea be tolerably smooth, for the isle is but three miles—though of very wild water—from the mainland. One advantage it most certainly possesses—it must be cheap to live on. The money that goes the quickest is that which "burns in the pocket." "As in presenti ready money, perfection format always ends, in avi in a lark": and there can be no larks in Gulland. One wonders what is the motive of this singular project. Disappointed love, or mere romantic liking for solitude? Or do they want to learn the banjo or the concertina, and cut of pity for their fellow-creatures have they sought this secluded retreat? "The isle

is full of noises," says Shakspeare, and that is, perhaps, what the amazed fishermen will say who pass Gulland while its proprietors are at practice.

"In a Canadian Canoe," by Mr. Barry Pain, is a noteworthy little volume, for it introduces the British public to a genuine humorist, which is a rare acquisition. There are parts of "The Celestial Grocery," and also of "The Girl and the Beetle," that rise to a very high level. The key-note, of course, of all the fun is pessimistic. This seems to be a necessity with the modern laughing philosopher; to remonstrate against that is useless; but why should a writer who desires to please affect obscurity? The first half of this book will, I fear, be unintelligible to many of those who take it in hand. And there is no need for this, since it is an open secret that Mr. Pain is the author of those admirable papers "The Hundred Gates" and "The Sincerest Form of Flattery," which so delighted readers of the *Cornhill*. If those articles had been admitted into the volume, or, still better, if they had been substituted for less intelligible ones, the author would have made a reputation more extensive than that which is conferred by the critics. It is very pleasant to be praised by cultured persons, but it is not fame. There are one or two writers who are in the receipt of the most frantic eulogies from the "hebdomadal conferrers of immortality," but then nobody reads them—not even the critics themselves. This will not be Mr. Pain's case, who will go far and be widely welcomed; but it is a pity that his wit should be so encumbered with subtleties.

HOME NEWS.

The Queen, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, continues to take long drives in the neighbourhood of Balmoral. Among the visitors to the castle have been the Prince of Wales and the Empress Eugénie.

The Prince of Wales is staying at Braemar with the Duke and Duchess of Fife, having proceeded there on the conclusion of his visit to the Queen at Balmoral.

The Princess of Wales and Princesses Victoria and Maud will not, says *Truth*, return to England until towards the end of October, if the Princess carries out her intention of paying a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland at Gmunden; but the sudden departure of the King and Queen of the Hellenes from Fredensborg for Russia, in consequence of the serious illness of their eldest daughter, the Grand Duchess Alexandra, may cause a change in the plans of the royal party.

The Bishop of Winchester has addressed to his archdeacons a letter, intimating that, acting on the advice of his physician, he intends to take a rest from the duties of his diocese.

Sir John Gorst, who is on a visit to Ireland as one of the Labour Commission, arrived at Cork on Sept. 18. Addressing a meeting of trade delegates in the evening, he expressed a desire that, in the investigations he was about to make, the views of the working people should be fully and frankly expressed. But in reference to the labour question they must mainly rely on themselves, and if Ireland was to become happy it must be through the exertions and self-denial of her people.

Mr. Goschen arrived in London on Sept. 22 from Seacox Heath.

Mr. John Morley delivered an important speech at Cambridge on Sept. 21, in which he reviewed the political situation and criticised the home and foreign policy of the Government. He renewed his objections to the Eight Hours Bill, which he described as a ramrod thrust into the delicate fabric of our machinery, and he declared that he regarded the newest proposal of the Trades Union Congress in favour of trade option as equally "impracticable" with the all-round Eight Hours Bill. He described the Local Government Bill as a skeleton measure, and said the same of the Free Education Bill, while he expressed the opinion that the Irish Local Government Bill would prove totally inadequate. Home Rule was, he said, still in the forefront of the Gladstonian programme, and till the Irish question was settled it would remain a permanently confusing and obstructive element in our politics. Mr. Morley declared strongly for a rural programme, including village councils, to be endowed with large powers, and easily accessible to the labourers.

The bitter struggle for the mastery of the *Freeman's Journal* has at length been decided in favour of young Mr. E. D. Gray and the Anti-Parnellite party among the shareholders and the directorate. Three prominent members of the staff—including the editors of the *Freeman* and the *Evening Telegraph*—have been dismissed, and the paper is henceforth to disavow the Parnell leadership and to resume its old attitude towards the Catholic hierarchy. Mr. Gray, in a final letter which appears in the *Freeman*, declares that, in supporting Mr. Parnell, he was misled by hints of explanations of the divorce scandal; but Mr. Parnell's marriage, the Carlow election, and the evident fact that national opinion was overwhelmingly against him, were convincing proofs that his leadership was impossible. At a meeting of the National League Mr. T. Harrington, M.P., and other supporters of Mr. Parnell bitterly denounced the *Freeman's* new departure, and threatened to start a new Parnellite daily.

The Queen has presented a handsome silver tea-set to Mr. T. Jones, the head gardener at Windsor Castle, on his retirement from the royal service. Mr. Jones has had the management of the Frogmore gardens for over twenty years.

Mr. Spurgeon's condition continues to improve. He went out for a drive on Sept. 22, and the sunshine had a beneficial effect upon him.

The Registrar General reports that during the last four weeks the death-rate in the Metropolis was lower than the mean rate of the past ten years. There were fifteen deaths from scarlet fever, and the Metropolitan Asylum and Fever Hospitals of London on Saturday, Sept. 19, contained one thousand and twenty scarlet-fever patients, being a considerable increase over the two preceding weeks. There were also indications of the spread of diphtheria, thirty-two deaths being ascribed to that disease, in addition to six in the outer ring of the Metropolis. Only one death was primarily attributed to influenza, the numbers in the preceding three weeks having been seven, twelve, and four.

During Sunday night (Sept. 20) and early the following morning a severe gale swept over the eastern part of Scotland. From Edinburgh to Berwick a great amount of damage was done, the floods not only causing the suspension of harvest operations, but destroying both foot and railway bridges. Several wrecks are reported to have occurred on the Berwickshire coast.

FREEDOM—FRENCH AND AMERICAN.

BY ANDREW LANG.

By accident or design, two essays in the *New Review* happen to illustrate Republican freedom in France and England. In each essay an alien, one French, the other American, criticises rather severely his country and his countrymen. But the American, Mr. G. Parsons Lathrop, signs his name: at the end of the Gaul's remarks the editor says, "For obvious reasons the name of the writer of this article cannot be published." Now, Mr. Parsons Lathrop, who criticises the state of literature in America, speaks his mind very plainly and severely. He even laments the absence of freedom in a free country, the slavery to public opinion. But, in spite of the truckling to public opinion which he laments, he signs his name like a man. The French author does not do so "for obvious reasons." We may infer, therefore, that it is safer for an American than for a French Republican not to "crack up" his countrymen, or, perhaps, we may infer that Mr. Parsons Lathrop has more pluck and moral courage than his colleague in the magazine. We may also congratulate ourselves on the fact that a Briton may still pitch into his own beloved country, and that his head will not be broken by a mob, nor his person endangered in a series of duels, nor his private character libelled in the public Press. If I believe that the Throne is tottering, the Army rotten, the country sapped by sedition and ruined by luxury, that our politics are a bear-garden, and our literature very small beer indeed, I may say so, and no man will assault me with brickbats or personal abuse. In fact, everybody will say, like the Scotch boy when his brother died, "I dinna care a bawbee!" Nor, indeed, were these my opinions, would I think it worth while to print them anywhere. From the days of Jeremiah downwards, who has done his country any good by scolding it? In England, however, we may scold away and be no sufferers. Mr. Carlyle, Mr. Arnold, Mr. Ruskin have admonished and abused us. We buy the works of these prophets, and behave no whit the better for all their warnings; but the prophets, at least, we do not stone. I confess that, were I minded to belabour my fellow-citizens, I would prefer to do it at home—not in an American or a French periodical. Perhaps Mr. Parsons Lathrop might as well have taken up his parable in *Harper's* or *Scribner's*, or the *Century*, for one cannot suppose that the conductors of these journals would have been afraid to lend him their pulpits. As to what he says of contemporary American literature, it is very true, but hardly worth saying. American literature is not really very magnificent just now. But the literature of Europe is little, if at all, better. Society is not to blame for this—society never is. Give literature all possible recognition and reward, and you will not improve it. If there chance to be in the land these "sports" called men of genius, they will produce their fruits. If none of them chance to be born, you will find mediocrities blossoming vigorously. As it chanced, we are all mediocrities at present, all save a very few authors who, taken together, are not the small change of a Scott, a Goethe, a Molière. There is no other reason at all for the present barrenness of English, of French, of American letters. Nowhere is literature less encouraged than in British India which has given us a writer who is a genius in his degree, though why did Mr. Kipling ever show his limitations by publishing "The Mark of the Beast"? In America, as far as an alien can see, literature is encouraged. The Americans are more hospitable, friendly, encouraging to alien men of letters than any people but the Romans ever were. They are only too good-natured, too appreciative, and, if we listened to them, would persuade many a scribbling Briton that he is quite a distinguished author. They reward their own men of letters by diplomatic appointments or valuable editorships, and, in any case, by an almost disagreeable amount of praise and petting. Give them a genius, like those whom their soil produced forty or fifty years ago, and they will fall down and worship him. But the genius is not given to them in this generation, by no fault of theirs—the serious epic genius, I mean, for they have Mark Twain and Bret Harte. It is true enough, as Mr. Parsons Lathrop complains, that America has not solved the human problem. Society there, as everywhere, is in a ferment of discontent and of misplaced energy. But the human problem cannot be solved. It makes our failure more prominent at some times than at others. It is particularly prominent just now, and will be more so for centuries, after which we shall struggle back into barbarism. All that is bad for literature—*inter arma silent Muses*, though, in days to come, we may have a new Tyrtæus, or, when nations are united again, new national epics. Meanwhile, as to freedom of opinion, here is Mr. Parsons Lathrop speaking his mind as freely as may be. His reward may be a good deal of abuse in the Press till some other topic arises. But our anonymous French friend is in another case. Really he has not much harm to say about his country. She, like England, has her silly sentiments, her irrational moods, her double aspects of opinion, which the severe may call hypocrisies. For example, French men and women regard their sons' amours with the eyes of the father and mother of St. Augustine. Like Miss Blanche Amory, they rather like a young man for being "a monster"; yet when a young man is shot by the brother of a lady older than himself, who has borne him a child out of wedlock, the homicide is acquitted by a jury, who would not have condemned their own sons had they behaved like the murdered youth. In England, even now, the brother would not have got off so easily, in the circumstances. The French take our national modesty in certain matters for hypocrisy. It is not hypocrisy. Were Uncle Toby in Paris, he would find a hundred such occasions for duels as he once fastened upon. In England he would find none, because a certain delicacy—perhaps absurd—is inherent in our race, as it was among the ancient Persians. We cannot rid ourselves of it: inconvenient it may be,

hypocritical it is not. Nor is our reticence on various topics hypocritical. We may be as bad as our neighbours, but we sincerely dislike parading our iniquity. It is a question of taste (often bad) rather than of morality. However, we cannot expect the French to see this, when we consider our eternal scandals. The anonymous author says that the French are hypocrites when they pretend to hate the Germans and to wish to fight them. They do not exactly hate them, and do not wish to go to war with them. They probably have a more sincere loathing of the English. But they bluster against Germany out of season in petty matters of art and literature. Apparently it is dangerous for a Frenchman to say this openly, so, on the whole, the conclusion is that America is still a country more free than France, while we are most free of all in such matters, because nobody cares.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE NEW POSTMASTER-GENERAL.

It is announced that Sir James Fergusson is to be the new Postmaster-General, in succession to the late Mr. Raikes. Sir James Fergusson is one of the most experienced of living public servants, and his sixty years of life (he was born in 1831) have been filled in almost every kind of activity. He comes of an old Scottish family, his father being Sir Charles Dalrymple Fergusson, while his mother was the daughter of the Right Hon. D. Boyle, Lord Justice-General of Scotland, but his work and training have been purely English. From Rugby to the Grenadier Guards and thence to the Crimea (he was wounded at Inkerman) were natural steps. After his wound he left the Army, and entered the House of Commons as member for his native county of Ayr. His membership began in 1854, and in all he has been eighteen years in



THE RIGHT HON. SIR JAMES FERGUSSON, G.C.S.I.,
THE NEW POSTMASTER-GENERAL.

Parliament, leaving it in 1863 and returning in 1885. During the interval he turned his attention to the Colonies, and was Governor both of South Australia and New Zealand, and finally of Bombay, where he succeeded Sir Richard Temple. He knows the inside of most of the great home departments, and has been in succession Under-Secretary for Home, Indian, and Foreign Affairs. The House is most familiar with him in the last capacity. He has been understudy to Lord Salisbury since 1885, and his position as representing the Foreign Office in the Commons is probably the most difficult that can be assigned to any man of knowledge and ability. Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice found it especially trying, and Sir James Fergusson's lot had not been cast in much pleasanter places. The Under-Secretary is not responsible for his department, and, on the other hand, he is expected to have the fullest information. This is practically impossible in an office over which Lord Salisbury presides, and the result has been that the Under-Secretary has invariably to do a good deal of polite fencing. This has been Sir James's lot over the fierce hail of questions which poured upon him concerning our relations with the Triple Alliance. Sir James does not belong to the class of attractive speakers, his style being a trifle monotonous, and his voice a little wanting in strength and carrying power; but on occasions he has shown great force, knowledge, and argumentative vigour, while his discretion is invincible. His great colonial experience ought to be invaluable at the Post Office, and it is safe to say that no man of wider qualifications has ever been placed at the head of the imperial postal service.

A peculiar interest attaches to Sir James Fergusson's election on account of the peculiar elements of which his constituency in North-East Manchester is composed, and the narrow majority—327—by which he retained it in 1886. North-East Manchester happens to be one of the very few constituencies in which the transfer of the Irish vote from the Conservative to the Gladstonian cause brought an immediate advantage to the latter side. In Manchester it reduced Sir James's majority to less than a quarter of its strength in 1885. He has the further disadvantage of contending against a singularly able and accomplished opponent in the person of Mr. C. P. Scott, the very popular editor of the *Manchester Guardian* and a speaker and public man of real power.

THE DESTRUCTIVE FLOODS IN SPAIN.

A summary of the numerous authentic reports, from many localities in provinces far distant from each other, situated in the very centre, in the east, north-east, south-east, and south, of the Spanish peninsula, will enable the reader to comprehend the recent calamity, one of greater geographical extent, as we understand, than any similar visitation remembered in Europe. Consuegra, a town of 7600 inhabitants, which has been actually drowned, with immense loss of life, is in a circular valley or basin of the mountains south of the famous old city of Toledo, and nearly due south of Madrid, from which latter it is distant about sixty miles. But the devastation caused by the rain-storms and floods of Sept. 13 and following days, falling on the eastern and southern slopes of different mountain-ranges, extended from the valley of the Ebro, in Aragon, from the neighbourhood of Saragossa, to the provinces of Valencia and Murcia, and to Almeria and Malaga, on the south coast; besides which, in the western provinces, and beyond the Portuguese frontier, much damage was inflicted by an overflow of the opposite central watershed. It has been conjectured that a vast cyclone, or revolving tempest, with a radius of at least two hundred miles from centre to circumference, swept round three parts of the whole peninsula, doing its worst mischief in the districts narrowly enclosed between high and steep ranges, or along the banks of rivers fed by mountain torrents from above. The loss of property, altogether, can only be reckoned by tens of millions sterling, including the vines and various crops, thousands of cattle, houses or cottages with their furniture, and the means of subsistence for multitudes of distressed people. Those who suddenly perished by drowning at Consuegra were fully two thousand souls, but their disaster was of an exceptional character.

Great difficulty is found in effecting the burials at Consuegra, and many corpses are hidden in the debris of the houses. The Franciscan monks have worked incessantly, and 150 engineers and forty-one soldiers of the line, natives of the neighbourhood, volunteered, and have been dispatched from Madrid. It is said that 4000 cattle have perished which had been brought to Consuegra for an intended fair. The odour emanating from their carcasses is perceptible at a distance of five miles, and there is danger of a consequent pestilence. The carcasses of the animals are being burned, as quicklime and other disinfectants are not forthcoming. The streets are full of dangers. Houses left standing by the flood, but undermined, are constantly falling in with a loud crash. The heat is excessive, and the rapid burying of the dead becomes more than ever a necessity. The Director of Public Health has arrived for the purpose of taking hygienic measures. A generous response from all quarters is being made to the fund in aid of the sufferers.

In Ciudad Real, Malaga, Estremadura, Badajoz, and doubtless in other provinces, the roads are filled with bands of people who have abandoned the river villages, either through panic or hunger, and taken to the higher country in search of food. These gangs, ravenous and reckless, are the terror of the small villages which they visit. Through the partial failure of preceding harvests, the stores of food in all these small places are meagre, and the inhabitants are guarding them closely, so that riots and a semblance of anarchy prevail in many places. The Government are doing all in their power, but the paralysis in the railway service ties their hands. There is a surplus of money and provisions available in Madrid just now, but it cannot be forwarded to the places in need. In the case of Consuegra, which is comparatively near, the inhabitants are clamorous at the delay in the arrival of food, which has to be transported in wagons forty miles over roads in which the mud at times reaches the axles. If such difficulties have to be encountered in reaching Consuegra, it is easy to imagine how the case stands in places which, like Tembleque, are entirely surrounded by water, and in which the local stock of food is almost, if not quite, exhausted.

The loss in live stock, too, has been immense, and there is no doubt that the blow to Spanish products and industries is one which the country will feel for some time to come. Two million pesetas are required to repair the damage to the streets of Almeria. The town is still unlighted, and the corporation are unable to proceed for want of funds, but the Bank of Spain is sending 10,000 pesetas and the private banks 15,000. The Government promises 500,000 pesetas for the relief of the provinces of Toledo and Almeria.

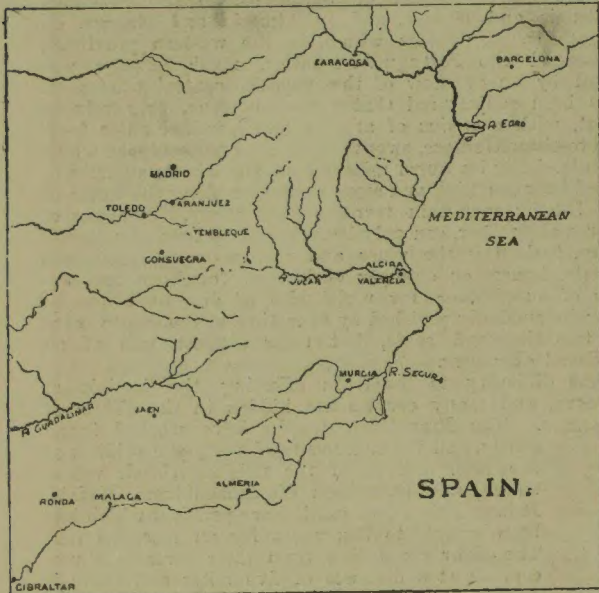
The Minister of the Interior went on Sept. 21 to Almeria to inspect the damage done there by the floods. The subscription on behalf of the sufferers is growing rapidly. It is believed to be the intention of the authorities to employ the military in the construction of two blocks of buildings of 100 houses each, one at Consuegra and the other at Almeria. Official despatches from Consuegra state that the work of clearing the streets is progressing, 1000 men being engaged. The Queen-Regent will probably go there when the work of rebuilding the town commences.

An interesting legal point has been raised at Consuegra, where the owners of a number of small farms have been drowned with all their heirs. The land properly reverts, under the Spanish law, to the State. For the present, however, the official conclusion is that it shall be re-sown and harvested for the benefit of the town. The labour, implements, and seed will be paid for out of the aggregated funds, and the produce will be distributed among the destitute families. We now proceed to describe the local disaster of Consuegra.

The province of New Castile, which is the middle and metropolitan province of the kingdom, including both Madrid and Toledo, with the Tagus flowing across it from east to west, rises south of Toledo into a labyrinth of high bare ridges descending to the river Guadiana, beyond which is the open tableland of La Mancha, Don Quixote's home, a poor and sterile district. Among those high-land valleys, some thirty miles from the city of Toledo, is that of the Amarguillo, a small river, encompassed on all sides by mountains; the sole outlet for waters from this basin is at its eastern extremity, below Madrilejos. In this valley stood the doomed town of Consuegra, built along both river banks the length of a mile. The storm prevailing had driven everybody indoors and prevented notice being taken of the rising of the river—which at nightfall was in its normal channel—in time for a general alarm. The heavy rainfall in the mountains, operating over the whole watershed of the Amarguillo, in three hours turned the

river into a lake, which covered the whole middle portion of Consuegra to a depth of 20 ft. along the banks, and to the width of three quarters of a mile. The majority of the houses were built with mud walls, which offered no protection against the water. All the houses along the bank for a distance of 150 ft. on each side were either wrecked or washed completely away. The inmates could not escape, but the approach of death was slow and gradual in that dreadful night. Whole families perished together; in one house twenty-eight persons were drowned. In the morning, where the town had been there was a dirty yellow lake, with the roofs and tottering walls of a few houses yet standing, and with a raging current that bore down masses of wreckage and dead human bodies and the carcasses of oxen, mules, and other animals. The destruction of property at Consuegra alone is estimated at £400,000. In the valley of the Amarguillo, every other town and village on the banks of that river was flooded to depths of 2 ft. to 6 ft., and for some days there was no communication except by boats.

Queen Christina, who lost no time in directing Government works of relief, and in heading a public subscription of charity, also threw open the palace of Aranjuez, which is on the verge of the flooded district near Toledo, to the homeless and the suffering, and the royal residence has been crowded with a strange multitude of poverty-stricken guests, who have been fed and housed at the royal expense. Many other country houses have done likewise, and those which have not have suffered, many of them having been compelled to yield their stores of food to clamorous mobs, simply to avoid being pillaged.

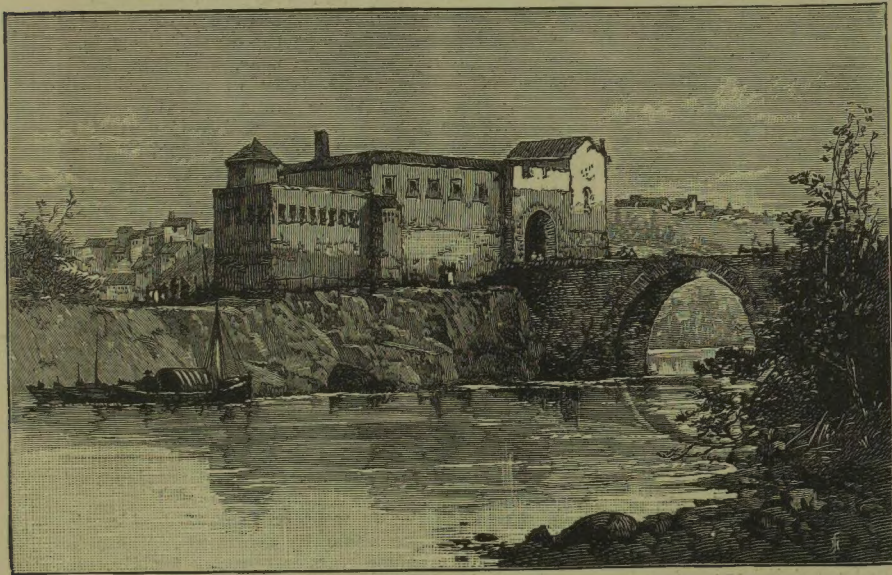


MAP OF THE FLOODS IN SPAIN.

Other disasters are reported from the southern provinces, from Valencia and Andalusia, with some loss of life at Almeria, where 300 houses were completely destroyed and 4000 people rendered homeless. The neighbourhood of Malaga, as far as Ronda and the villages at the foot of the Sierra Nevada, has also suffered. The Malaga raisin crop is heavily damaged. The vines have either been destroyed or the ripening fruit so weatherbeaten as to be a complete loss. The districts which have suffered most in this way are Saragossa, Murcia, Almeria, and Malaga. Saragossa estimates its damage at £120,000. In the province of Valencia, the rice crop was destroyed by inundations of the rivers Turia, Magro, and Jucar; much damage was done at Alcira, on the Jucar. The loss of the potato and corn crops in upland districts threatens a partial famine. The railway communications have been broken in many places. Passengers from Seville, Cadiz, Cordova, Granada, Valencia, and Alicante were obliged to make the journey to Madrid via Barcelona, and passengers going south were detained in Madrid. At Gibraltar, much inconvenience was felt owing to no English or Continental overland mails having arrived for two days. This, it is said, was due to a railway embankment having given way, in consequence of the heavy rains between Bailen and Bailza, on the Madrid and Seville Railway.



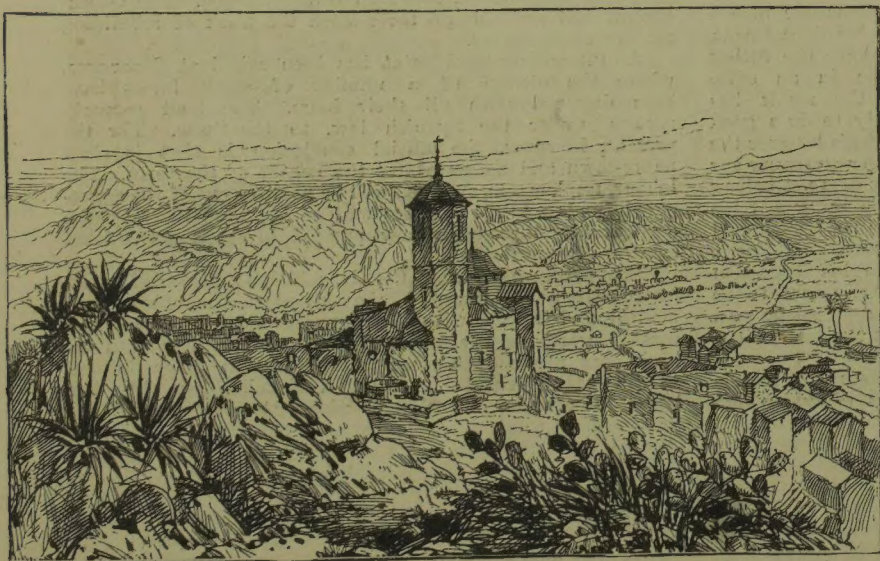
RONDA, NEAR MALAGA.



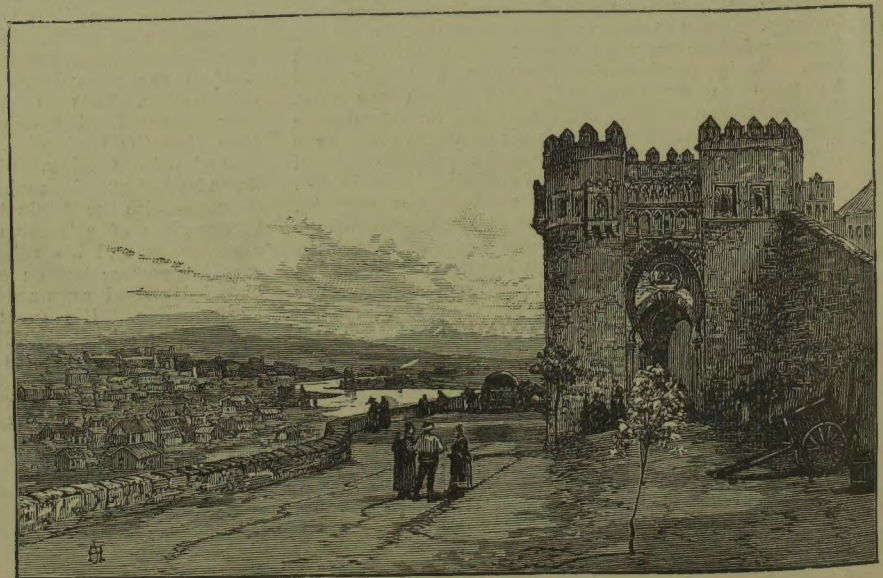
ALCIRA, ON THE RIVER JUCAR.



TALAVERA, COLEGIATA-Y-PUENTE.



VILLAGE OF LORCA, IN MURCIA.



VIEW FROM THE PUERTA DEL SOL, TOLEDO, LOOKING TOWARDS CONSUEGRA.



A MICHAELMAS VISION.

PERSONAL.

The death of Sir John Steell, R.S.A., is the loss of a sculptor of considerable power. He died on Sept. 15 at Greenhill Gardens, Edinburgh, at the age of eighty-seven. He was a native of Aberdeen, but obtained his early education in Edinburgh. For several years he prosecuted his art studies in Rome. In 1823 the Board of Manufactures in Edinburgh awarded him a special prize for his colossal design of "Alexander taming Bucephalus." Perhaps his most notable work is the statue of Sir Walter Scott for the Scott Memorial in Princes Street, Edinburgh, although a well-known epigram gives an added interest to the statue of Wellington in front of the Register-house in the same city.



THE LATE SIR JOHN STEELL.

'Mid lightning's flash and thunder's peal,
Behold the Iron Duke, in bronze, by Steell!

were lines inspired by the unveiling of the statue in a thunder-storm. With Sir Walter Scott he had been personally acquainted in his early days. On the unveiling of his statue of the Prince Consort in Charlotte Street, Edinburgh, by the Queen in 1876, Mr. Steell received the honour of knighthood.

There is a good deal of quiet speculation as to Sir James Fergusson's successor at the Foreign Office. Two promising young men are mentioned, Mr. Stuart Wortley—who is popular with his party, and has done sound and quietly effective work under Mr. Matthews—and Mr. George Curzon. Mr. Curzon is undoubtedly an interesting figure among the younger type of Conservatives. He had a brilliant Oxford career, winding up with a fellowship of All Souls. He is handsome, well off, and speaks with an elegant correctness and fluent confidence which mark him out for distinction when he becomes a somewhat fuller man. He is attached to Lord Salisbury's leadership and person, has done no cave-building, and has been qualifying for Foreign Office honours by doing a grand tour in Persia and the East, and writing a very pleasant book about it. He contributes a great many articles to the *National Review*, and is altogether a man of considerable accomplishments and larger promise.

Mr. Goldwin Smith is probably the only person whose reputation has been enhanced by the painful disclosures at Ottawa. For nearly twenty years he has lived in Canada, and for nearly twenty years he has persistently and strenuously exposed and condemned the loose methods in vogue in the political life of the Dominion. Most Canadians hated him for his pains, but it is now clear that had they paid more heed to his warnings they would not now have to deplore a state of things discreditable to a civilised country. The difficulty with Mr. Goldwin Smith is that, while living among Canadians, he has never sought to enter into their feelings as members of a rising nationality, and even now it is quite open for Canadian critics to retort upon the Toronto professor and say that had his advice been followed and Canada joined hands with her southern neighbours, there would certainly not have been less laxity in political life to lament and condemn.

Though very near three-score years of age, Mr. Goldwin Smith is as unceasing a literary worker as he was when, as an Oxford Don, he played his part in almost every religious, social, and philosophical controversy of the day. He has no longer a journal of his own, for the *Bystander* finally went to its grave some months ago, but unsigned articles and reviews from his pen constantly find their way into such high-class journals as the *New York Independent* and *Nation*, while hardly a month passes without some evidence of his mental activity in the British and American magazines. The sympathies of the professor are well shown by the pictures which adorn his study at The Grange, which, by the way, is the oldest brick dwelling in Toronto, with a history dating back to the beginning of the century. John Bright, Huxley, Tyndall, Max Müller, Matthew Arnold, Chief Justice Coleridge, and many other Englishmen of note are kept constantly in mind by paintings and photographs, while in the dining-room a galaxy of Cromwellian celebrities attest a keen interest in the stirring period in which they lived. Nor are the familiar scenes of Eton and Windsor forgotten.

The Société des Beaux Arts of Antwerp has devoted a special room at its Triennial Exhibition to the works of the late Director of the Royal Academy of Antwerp, Charles Verlat, who died last year in the full tide of his fame. This room contains 125 examples of his works, about one tenth of the actual number he produced, and well representing his fertile genius. They combine the technique of the Flemish painters, of the Renaissance, and that large and bold treatment which is so distinct a note of the old masters. Wonderfully gifted, Verlat treated with success both historical and genre painting, portraiture, landscapes, flowers, and animals; but it was especially as an animal-painter that he was distinguished. He has trained hundreds of artists, among them many Englishmen, some of whom now occupy a high place in their profession. Charles Verlat was sixty-six years old when he died, and Antwerp marked its sense of the genius it had lost by a public funeral.

Some days since there died at Brighton, in his seventy-fourth year, Captain Arthur John Loftus, who for the last eight years had held the post (one of high honour and great antiquity) of Keeper of the Crown Jewels in the Tower. Captain Loftus was a cadet of the ancient family of that name, whose fortunes rose with those of Thomas Earl of Sussex, Queen Elizabeth's Viceroy in Ireland; the Rev. Adam Loftus, his private chaplain, becoming in a few years Archbishop of Armagh, Archbishop of Dublin, and Lord High Chancellor of Ireland, from whom descended the Marquis of Ely. Captain Loftus, who had served with honour through the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny, was, in 1883, appointed Keeper of the Regalia.



THE LATE M. CHARLES VERLAT.

Viscount Falmouth, C.B., who is at present performing the duties of Assistant Adjutant-General for the Home District during the absence of Colonel Thynne, is the eldest son and successor of the sixth Viscount Falmouth, who for so many years was a familiar and honoured figure on the turf. Lord Falmouth, who is a soldierly-looking man of four-and-forty, and holds the rank of colonel in the Coldstream Guards, has had a distinguished military career. He was formerly Assistant Military Secretary to the General Commanding-in-Chief in Ireland. In 1882, when Colonel Boscawen, he went through the Egyptian War, and was present at Tel-el-Kebir, receiving the Osmanieh and the Khedive's Star. In the Nile Expedition of 1884-5 he was in command of the Guards Camel Corps, fought at Abu-Klea and Abu-Kru, and commanded the British forces at Metammeh.

Young Gilbert Hare is the very latest of the countless instances that the love of acting is hereditary. The best of the young actors and actresses of our time, according to a happy epigram by Tom Robertson, have been "nursed on rose-pink and cradled in properties." However much the actor-parent may desire that his son shall follow some other calling than his own, sooner or later the boy is found smelling the footlights. Henry Irving has two sons. One was sent to New College, Oxford—surely not to graduate for the stage, where we now see him. The second boy was educated in Russia for diplomacy.

The stage is to be his destination. So it was with young Gilbert Hare, who has made such a success as the usher Krux in "School." Educated at Harrow, he went to Cambridge with the idea of the Church or the Bar. That would not do. Then he thought he would like to be a doctor, so off he went to Germany to study medical science. But the memories of the "A.D.C." at Cambridge and the knowledge of his father's fame were too much for him. His father is the most popular comedian of our time. His godfather is W. S. Gilbert, the dramatist. And so, scarcely arrived at man's estate, Gilbert Hare has discarded theology, law, and physic, and having chosen for himself, and perhaps rightly, finds that he is suddenly promoted to a leading position among the actors of a new generation. Send them to Eton, send them to Oxford or Cambridge, make them architects, like Charles Mathews, or what not, sooner or later the sons of actors will be sure to be found on the stage!

That venerable City Father, Alderman Sir Andrew Lusk, Bart., who has just completed his seventy-ninth year, and whose hale, shrewd face and still sturdy figure may be seen nearly every morning when in town, came to London from South Ayrshire more than half a century ago, with the proverbial half-crown in his pocket. His integrity and shrewdness stood Sir Andrew in good stead; he prospered exceedingly in the Metropolis, became a member of the Corporation in 1854, Sheriff of London and Middlesex in 1861, and Lord Mayor in 1873. It was towards the latter end of his mayoralty, during which he had entertained the late Emperor of Russia at the Guildhall, and that Emperor's daughter and her newly wedded husband, the Duke of Edinburgh, at the Mansion House, that he received the honour of a baronetcy. Sir Andrew was elected M.P. for Finsbury in 1865, and represented that constituency in Parliament for twenty years. The venerable baronet's charming country house is Colney Park, near St. Albans.

The Rev. Edward Cyril Gordon, whose arrival in England has just been announced, is one of the best known of the African missionaries. His nine years' work in the Dark Continent has been marked by conspicuous courage and devotion. In 1882 he joined Bishop Hannington's staff, but it was not until 1887 that he entered Uganda. About this time Mwanga, the king, was in great fear lest the murder of Bishop Hannington should be avenged, and when, in 1888, the news reached the capital that the Germans and the English were advancing "to eat up his country," Mwanga declared he would keep Mr. Gordon as a hostage. The young missionary's position was described at the time by Sir C. Euan Smith, the Consul at Zanzibar, as "pre-eminently perilous," and it is believed that but for his name—the natives associating him with General Gordon—he would have met with a violent death. But he was, on the whole, kindly treated, and throughout the recent rebellions he remained at his post cheering and encouraging the converts. He has well earned his furlough, and has much need of rest; but there is every probability that he will be in great request for the missionary meetings of the coming winter.

Vice-Admiral Sir George Tryon, K.C.B., who holds the office of Superintendent of the Naval Reserve Forces, has proved his ability as a leader at sea and marine tactician in the Naval Manœuvres; he was also in command of the Australian Station from 1884 to 1887; was director of transports in the Abyssinian Expedition of 1868, and served with the fleet at Sebastopol in 1854 and 1855. Sir George has been a non-political Secretary to the Admiralty, and has since been a candidate for the Parliamentary representation of the Spalding Division of Lincolnshire, on the Unionist side, but was unsuccessful at the poll. He is married to a sister of Lord Willoughby d'Eresby.



MR. GILBERT HARE.



VICE-ADMIRAL SIR GEORGE TRYON.

OUR PORTRAITS.

Our portrait of Mr. Frederick Tennyson is from the photograph by Mévius Fils, 9, David Place, Jersey; of Sir James Fergusson, M.P., by Messrs. Fradelle and Young, 246, Regent Street, W.; of Mr. Henry Irving, jun., by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker Street, W.; of Mr. Gilbert Hare, by the Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street; of Sir John Steell, by Mr. J. G. Tunny, of Edinburgh; of Vice-Admiral Sir George Tryon, by Mr. Richard Ellis, 43, Strada Stretta, Valletta, Malta.

"FOUR MONTHS OF BOHEMIA."

This is the chronicle of Mr. George Eyre-Todd's earliest adventures in literature. It is a simple narrative which will touch the chords of memory in many a scribe. Mr. Eyre-Todd came to town with fifteen pounds, an article in manuscript, and the reputation of an epic poem, of which the publisher had sold nine copies. "A simple coming-in for one man," as Launcelot Gobbo says; and I own to a certain jealousy of Mr. Eyre-Todd's preliminary stores. In the old days, when the king of beasts stretched an unwagging tail on the top of the baronial hall which stood on a site now occupied by one of the caravanserais of Northumberland Avenue, there was a little court leading out of the Strand, through an iron gate, under the shadow of the stately building. In this nook were some quaint little houses which made a brave show of mignonette on the window-sills, and offered the luxuries of a bed and sitting room combined to a young man from the country who projected great things over a twopenny meat pie which had a bad habit of sticking to the bars of the grate when it was put there to get hot. Fifteen pounds, quotha! That young man dreamt no more of such a sum than of the goose with the golden eggs. But he felt all that glamour of the London streets which Mr. Eyre-Todd suggests with no little skill. There was poetry even under the arches of Hungerford Bridge. The chimes of Westminster chanted all the traditions of the mighty city, and even the song of the bedraggled Peri at the door of the public-house paradise had some faint echo of a by-gone idyl. He was a very young man, as you will readily observe, with a great deal of nonsense running a most agreeable riot in his head, but with so few coins in his pocket that they never knew what it was to have a neighbourly feeling.

Well, what did Mr. Eyre-Todd set about? He discovered, with that rare instinct of beginners, the periodicals which were on their first legs, or, rather, crawling on all-fours, the literary enterprises which needed only an aspirant with sufficient capital, the organising genius in a two-pair back who was prepared to give an assistant a really handsome salary on the payment of a premium of a hundred pounds. But Mr. Eyre-Todd was a canny Scot. He conceived the brilliant idea of proposing to accept this post, on condition that he should pay the premium out of his first year's salary. I cannot find anything in my own experience to match this piece of sagacity. There is a dapper-looking man who constantly crosses my vision, passes the time of day, and occasionally pauses to ask me affably how the world is using me. I might reply that there was a time when the world, as represented by certain newspaper speculations of his, used me very ill. They died, those journals, owing me various sums which do not sit on the conscience of my dapper-looking friend. I do not reproach him, though I sometimes think that the total of his unredeemed obligations—to be precise, it is fifteen pounds ten and sixpence—would be extremely useful to me if it were to take a more substantial shape than reminiscence. Somewhere in Covent Garden there is an office where I performed this unremunerative toil, and when I pass it I fancy I see an ancient headstone, on which the figures "Fifteen-ten-six" are dimly decipherable. But there is nothing uncommon in this. Some of us cannot take our daily walks without straying through a perfect cemetery of dead hopes and unpaid pittances. I should like to lay wreaths of immortelles on certain doorsteps; only I am afraid the offerings would be misunderstood, and the dapper-looking one would tap his forehead compassionately, and say, "Poor fellow! I always thought he was a little touched just here, you know."

The rest of Mr. Eyre-Todd's adventures conform to the general rule, with one deplorable exception. He sent his manuscripts everywhere. He even kept a ledger to avoid the mistake of offering a manuscript twice to the same editor. This seems to have been the only kind of entry in that volume. He called on editors, and was politely sent away. He went to a literary adviser in Paternoster Row, and found that a dram in the shape of three guineas was required by that gentleman before he would undertake to taste the amateur dishes which were set before him. Then, when dinner had been reduced to the dimensions of "three-halfpence" worth of plain chocolate and a green apple," Mr. Eyre-Todd and a struggling artist, as unfortunate as himself, resolved to earn something by "supering" at Drury Lane. I offer no criticism on this incident. It is quite in accordance with tradition. I remember a strolling company who for two nights were favoured with the services of a youthful scribbler, whose society they did not appreciate. One of them is now a popular comedian at a leading theatre. He amuses me mightily, and I wonder between the laughs whether he would be equally diverted if I were to remind him of the evening when I succeeded from that strolling company in an unobtrusive way, and he sold me a waistcoat which I did not want, as a proof of his undying regard. No; if Mr. Eyre-Todd and his friend had carried banners at Drury Lane, they would not have been the first to eat the crusts which the Melpomene of Sheriff Augustus tosses into the laps of the Muses. But now comes the lamentable part of the business. The Sheriff would not engage the services of these distressed aspirants. By all the rules, Mr. Eyre-Todd ought then to have straightway died, or lived on air until his first accepted article appeared in print. But what happened? Why the artist suddenly reminded his friend of a copper company in which Mr. Eyre-Todd owned some shares, and on these they raised money enough to pay their landladies and escape starvation. Nay, Mr. Eyre-Todd does not blush to state that he even bought a new suit of clothes with these wholly illegitimate gains. Copper we have all been familiar with, more familiar, perhaps, than with the superior metals; but copper in the shape of shares is contrary to the sentiment of the literary brotherhood, and smacks more of the capitalist in disguise than of the writer in his novitiate. It is true that the shares had paid no dividend, but this does not redeem them from original sin in the eyes of Bohemia. I grieve to say it, but Mr. Eyre-Todd has set a bad example, and I suppose that the next literary man who describes his early struggles will tell us that at the outset he took the precaution to purchase real estate. L. F. AUSTIN.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

It is a cold January evening, nearly three-and-twenty years ago, and I am sitting in the stalls of the now deserted playhouse in a dirty little street off the Tottenham Court Road, to see the first performance of Tom Robertson's "School." But though there may be squalor and screaming and pickled whelks outside the Prince of Wales's Theatre, it is far otherwise within. The young Bancrofts have given us a model little playhouse. Elsewhere, at the Adelphi, the Olympic, the Princess's, dirt and disorder prevail before and behind the curtain; but here we are in a drawing-room. The pale-blue stalls and the fernery and the gilded panels have not yet arrived, but such as it is there is no existing theatre in London with which the little "bandbox" can be compared. It is rather an important "first night," and I am proud enough to be here on "business," representing the *Weekly Dispatch* as a professional dramatic critic. On one side of the house I see the venerable and respected proprietor of the *Daily Telegraph*, Mr. J. M. Levy, with the principal members of his artistic family, in a private box. They never fail to be present on a first night and take a very special interest in Robertson. Opposite I see old John Oxenford with the silvered head ready to criticise the play for the *Times* to-morrow morning, while beneath him sit his confrères, E. L. Blanchard, of the *Telegraph*, Dunphree, of the *Morning Post*, W. S. Gilbert, of the *Illustrated Times*, and many more. It is rather an important occasion, for many reasons. Suddenly the star of good luck that has shone for the Bancrofts is under a cloud. Their last one or two ventures have been unsuccessful, and people are wondering if the newly married Robertson will be as successful as was the Bohemian Tom with "Caste" and "Ours." Palgrave Simpson, a walking encyclopædia, has already whispered that for once Tom Robertson is not original. A glance at the playbill has told him that the new play is borrowed from the "Aschenbrodel" (Cinderella) of Roderick Benedix. But as the play proceeds, and when it is over, we do not care a straw who suggested "School": we are

Rorke was to be Bella, instead of one of the subordinate school-girls as in the past, and it was to be decided if there was any more life left in the old "School" of Robertson.

It was a pretty strong test, and, as the veterans as well as the novices were delighted, I conclude that the play came very well out of the ordeal. To the surprise of everyone, the hit of the evening was made in the one character that has never yet been considered of great importance. Glover and Forbes Robertson and Brookfield and others have all played Krux, but I venture to think that this small but important part has never before been acted so admirably as by young Gilbert Hare. There was not the slightest effort about it. It was the man inside and out. It was the very perfection of natural acting in a part that would have tempted an inartistic novice to exaggeration. There can be no possible doubt that there is a great future before young Gilbert Hare in sketches of strong and accentuated character. I have seen no better performance of the kind for years past. Without raising his voice, he is distinctly heard. Without grimacing or attitudinising, he is as distinctly understood. This can be no copy of what has gone before, for it is a distinctly original creation. I wish Tom Robertson could have lived to see his own idea of Krux, the slimy usher.

Young H. B. Irving must not be disheartened because he has not succeeded in the difficult character of Lord Beaufof. It simply does not suit him. He clearly does not feel it, and I wonder that it should ever be chosen for so important a

first performance. He has admirable qualifications for the stage—presence, voice, face, manner, everything; but he is nothing like Lord Beaufof, who is not, and never was, a modern young man. Self-consciousness, a Grandisonian air, a dictatorial manner, an aggravated cynical tone, a seeming contempt for womankind may be requisite for many other characters, but not for Lord Beaufof. Let some clever writer give us a play containing a type of the modern intellectual young man, and Mr. Irving would play him admirably. Then he might possibly address the audience over the footlights, and give us the manner of the practised reciter. But this is not the hero of the milkjug scene, this is not the "young lord lover" of Bella Marks, this is not the boy who says from his heart, and without a sense of shame, "God bless Mrs. Sutcliffe!" when he hears she has protected an orphan. The modern young man does not say such things, or think them, more's the pity. To me it is curious that H. B. Irving was not asked to play Jack Poyntz. I am sure it would have suited him better than Lord Beaufof. The Jack

Poyntz of the revival wanted style, and that is exactly what the young actor possesses. But I expect to see him succeed anon in the romantic and classical drama.

As for the rest, there is really very little fault to find. Probably from nervousness, the comedy was a little underacted and depressed at times. It wanted tone and colour. But Bella, though charmingly played by Miss Kate Rorke, wanted a sympathetic lover; Miss Annie Hughes had the terror of Mrs. Bancroft's fame before her eyes, and Mr. Mackintosh is not the first clever modern actor who has been at sea in Robertson's plays. On the whole, it was a welcome and a delightful surprise, and Mr. Hare's experiment was fully justified. If it does not succeed in convincing the new school of critics that there was something in Robertson—and that were a hopeless task—it may succeed in impressing them with the fact that there is much to be said for heredity in art where actors and actresses are concerned.

All is well at the Lyceum. At last that gifted genius Ada Rehan is to be seen in a character that shows off her marvellous and versatile gifts. "The Last Word" may be a



MR. H. B. IRVING.

very bad play or a very good play, it may be better or worse than "A Night Off." With its intellectual value we are not very much concerned; but it has been so arranged by Mr. Daly as to bring Miss Ada Rehan once more to the front, and that is what we all wanted. In this work the actress is a brilliant man-tam-er. She has the art of subjugating and crushing the obstinate male. With her power, her vivacity, her impulse, her lightning changes of mind, her imperiousness, and her femininity, she, like another Delilah, brings Samsons of all patterns under her sway. First it is that excellent comedian John Drew, as a self-sufficient book-worm and recluse; next it is George Clarke, as the obstinate and masterful father. The first she attacks with wit; the second with sentiment. On the youth she pours the full flow of her incomparable humour; on the old man she sheds her pure and womanly tears. With such acting as this to see, why grumble about a mere play? These two scenes by Ada Rehan are worth the endurance of a dozen not wholly perfect plays. In fact, a better play might not have suggested acting half as good. For myself I prefer good acting to good plays, and I honestly own that I can cheerfully tolerate "The Last Word," or a dozen "Last Words," for the sake of Ada Rehan.



LORD BEAUFOF (MR. H. B. IRVING).

BELLA (MISS KATE RORKE).

"SCHOOL," AT THE GARRICK THEATRE.

fairly enchanted. It is written in Robertson's best vein. It is acted as well, if not better, than any play in the Robertson series. The cynics and carpers are already sneering at the "milkjug scene," which in reality suggested the name of the "teacup and saucer school," but next morning old John Oxenford, the representative of classicism, comes out with an article in the *Times* praising this scene in particular, and questioning whether it contains more wit than sentiment. Jove has spoken. The detractors are at once silenced. Where all are so admirable, where the "ensemble" is so specially complete, where the genial influence of Robertson over his young friends is so apparent, it is difficult to say who has made the success of the evening. In fact, all have made it. Mrs. Bancroft has beaten the record of Polly Eccles with Naomi Tighe. No living actress could speak her lines so well; and who save Mrs. Keeley could read the famous letter better? Bancroft has made a decided advance on Hawtree with Jack Poyntz, and his scenes with "Nummy" have gone with roars of laughter. John Hare has never before had so strong a part as Beau Farintosh. His make-up is once more marvellous, but his last act is the most artistic and difficult thing he has given us. As to Harry Montague, he is, as Lord Beaufof, more than ever the darling of the ladies. He is just the man they like—mildly cynical, physically manly, constitutionally tender. This is the man Robertson loved to paint—a man with a heart, who was not an effeminate idiot. This is the man no actor has yet been able to understand save Fred Younge and Harry Montague. Montague and Carlotta Addison, in the milkjug scene, were simply inimitable, and the cast was strengthened by the addition of old Addison—Carlotta's father—an actor of the good old school, who had been in Charles Kean's company. "School" was much discussed, warmly praised, violently abused, but from that day to this it has never been revived except to give pleasure; and whilst the young comedians of that day were succeeding at "School," one Henry Irving was distinguishing himself and coming to the front at the Queen's Theatre, Long Acre, in strong melodrama and modern romantic plays.

On Saturday, Sept. 19, after the lapse of three-and-twenty years, I sat in the stalls of the new Garrick Theatre to see "School" revived by a new generation of actors, the sons of talented fathers. The Bancrofts, alas! have retired—too early, some think, and before their time. Harry Montague and old Addison are in the land of shadows. Carlotta Addison, as sweet and graceful as ever, plays old ladies with silvered hair. I wonder why she was not here as Mrs. Sutcliffe? But John Hare the evergreen is as young to-day as the son who represents the family in the old play. So it was an evening of special interest, one of the most interesting evenings I can call to mind; for young Irving was to play Lord Beaufof and young Hare was to be seen as Krux the usher, and pretty Kato

Mr Gilbert Hare
as Mr KruxNaomi Tighe
(Miss Annie Hughes)

"SCHOOL," AT THE GARRICK THEATRE.



1. The "Boss."

2. The Reaper.

3. A Keen Old Blade.

4. The Miller and his Men.

5. Leading.

6. Gleaners.

7. The Close of the Day.

8. Going Home.

A DAY AMONG THE CORN.



It was Habeebah. She was now the slave of Benaboo, and was just then stealing away from the Kasba in the early morning that she might go in search of Naomi.

"THE SCAPEGOAT": A ROMANCE BY HALL CAINE.

THE SCAPEGOAT: A ROMANCE.

BY HALL CAINE,

AUTHOR OF "THE BONDMAN" AND "THE DEEMSTER."

CHAPTER XXII.

OF HOW NAOMI TURNED MUSSULMA.

Now, what had happened to Naomi during the two months and a half wherein Israel lay at Shawan is a strange story, though a simple one. After the first agony of their parting, in which she was cast back by the soldiers when she attempted to follow them, she sat down in a maze of pain, without any true perception of the evil which had befallen her, but with her father's warning voice and his last words in her ears: "Stay here. Never leave this place. Whatever they say, stay here. I will come back."

When she awoke in the morning, after a short night of broken sleep and fitful dreams, the voice and the words were with her still, and then she knew for the first time what the meaning was, and what the penalty, of this strange and dread asundering. She was alone, and, being alone, she was helpless; she was no better than a child without kindred to look to her and without power to look to herself, with food and drink beside her, but no skill to make and take them.

Thus her awakening sense was like to that of a lamb whose mother has been swallowed up in the night by the sand-drifts of the simoom. It was not so much love as loss. What to do, where to look, which way to turn first, she knew no longer, and could not think, for lack of the hand that had been wont to guide her.

The neighbouring Moors heard of what had happened to Naomi, and some of the women among them came to see her. They were poor farming people, oppressed by cruel taxmasters, and the first things they saw were the cattle and sheep, and the next thing was the simple girl with the child-face who knew nothing yet of the ways wherein a lonely woman must fend for herself.

"You cannot live here alone, my daughter," they said, "you would perish. Then think of the danger—a child like you with a face like a flower! No, no, you must come to us. We will look to you like one of our own, and protect you from evil men. And as for the creatures"—

"But he said I was never to leave this place," said Naomi. "Stay here," he said, "Whatever they say, stay here. I will come back."

The women protested that she would starve, be stolen, ruined, and murdered. It was in vain. Naomi's answer was always the same: "He told me to stay here, and surely I must do so."

Then one after another the poor folks went away in anger. "Tut!" they thought, "what should we want with the Jew child? Allah! Was there ever such a simpleton? The good creatures going to waste, too! And as for her father, he'll never come back—never. Trust the Basha for that!"

But when the humanity of the true souls had conquered their selfishness, they came again one by one and vied with each other in many simple offices—milk and churning and baking and delving—in pity of the sweet girl with the big eyes who had been left to live alone. And Naomi, seeing her helplessness at last, put out all her powers to remedy it, so that in a little while she was able to do for herself nearly everything that her neighbours at first did for her. Then they would say among themselves, "Allah! she's not such a baby after all; and if she wasn't quite so beautiful, poor child, or if the world wasn't so wicked—but, then, God is great! God is great!"

Not at first had Naomi understood them when they told her that her father had been cast into prison, and every night when she left her lamp alight by the little skin-covered window that was half-hidden under the dropping eaves, and every morning when she opened her door to the radiance of the sun, she had whispered to herself and said, "He will come back, Naomi; only wait, only wait; perhaps it will be to-night, maybe it will be to-day; you will see, you will see."

But after the awful thought of what prison was had fully dawned upon her at last, by help of what she saw and heard of other men who had been there, her old content in her father's command that she should never leave that place was shaken and broken by a desire to go to him.

"Who's to feed him, poor soul? He will be famishing. If the Kaid finds him in bread, it will only be so much more added to his ransom. That will come to the same thing in the end, for he'll die in prison."

Thus she had heard the gossips talk among themselves when they thought she did not listen. And though it was little she understood of Kaid's and ransoms, she was quick to see the nature of her father's peril, and at length she concluded that, in spite of his injunction, go to him she should and must. With that resolve, her mind, which had been the mind of a child, seemed to spring up instantly and become the mind of a woman, and her heart, that had been timid, suddenly grew brave, for pity and love were born in it. "He must be starving in prison," she thought, "and I will take him food."

When her neighbours heard of her intention they lifted their hands in consternation and horror. "God be gracious to my father!" they cried. "Shawan? You? Alone? Child, you'll be lost, lost—worse, a thousand times worse! Shoof! you're only a baby still."

But their protests availed as little to keep Naomi at her home now as their importunities had done before to induce her to leave it. "He must be starving in prison," she said, "and I will take him food."

Her neighbours left her to her stubborn purpose. "Allah!" they said, "who would have believed it, that the little pink-and-white face had such a will of her own!"

Without more ado Naomi set herself to prepare for her journey. She saved up thirty eggs and baked as many of the round flat cakes of the country; also she churned some butter in the simple way which the women had taught her, and put the milk that was left into a goat's skin. In three days she was ready, and then she packed her provisions in the leaf panniers of a mule which one of the neighbours had lent to her, and got up before them on the front of the burda after the manner of the wives whom she had seen going past to market.

When she was about to start the gossips came again, in pity of her wild errand, to bid her farewell and to see the last of her. "Keep to the track as far as Tetuan," they said to her, "and then ask for the road to Shawan." One old creature threw a blanket over her head in such a way that it might cover her face. "Faces like yours are not for the daylight," the old body whispered, and then Naomi set forward on her journey. The women watched her while she mounted the hill that goes up to the fondak, and then sank out of sight beyond it. "Poor mad little fool," they whispered, "that's the end of her! She'll never come back. Too many men about for that. And now," they said, facing each other with looks of suspicion and envy, "what of the creatures?"

While the good souls were dividing her possessions among them, Naomi was awakening to some vague sense of her

difficulties and dangers. She had thought it would be easy to ask her way, but now that she had need to do so she was afraid to speak. The sight of a strange face alarmed her, and she was terrified when she met a company of wandering Arabs changing pasture, with the young women and children on camels, the old women trudging on foot under loads of cans and kettles, the boys driving the herds, and the men, armed with long flintlocks, riding their prancing bards. Her poor little mule came to a stand in the midst of this calvalcade, and she was too bewildered to urge it on. Also her fear, which had first caused her to cover her face with the blanket that the neighbour had given her, now made her forget to do so, and the men as they passed her peered close into her eyes. Such glances made her blood tingle. They seared her very soul, and she began to know the meaning of shame.

Nevertheless, she tried to keep up a brave heart and to push forward. "He is starving in prison," she told herself, "I must lose no time." It was a weary journey. Everything was new to her and nearly everything was terrible. She was even perplexed to see that however far she travelled she came upon men and women and children. It was so strange that all the world was peopled. Yet sometimes she wished there were more people everywhere. That was when she was crossing a barren waste with no house in sight and never a sign of human life on any side. But oftener she wished that the people were not so many, and that was when the children mocked at her mule, or the women jeered at her as if she must needs be a base person because she was alone, or the men laughed and leered into her uncovered face.

Before she had gone many miles her heart began to fail. Everything was unlike what she had expected. She had thought the world so good that she had but to say to any that asked her of her errand, "My father is in prison, they say that he is starving, I am taking him food," and everyone would help her forward. Though she had never put it to herself so, yet she had reckoned in this way in spite of the warnings of her neighbours. But no one was helping her forward, few were looking on her with goodwill, and fewer still with pity and cheer.

The jogging of the mule, a most bony and stiff-limbed beast, had flattened the panniers that hung by its side, and made the round cakes of bread to protrude from the open mouths of one of them. Seeing this, a line of market-women going by, with bags of charcoal on their backs, snatched a cake each as they passed and munched them and laughed. Naomi tried to protest. "The bread is for my father," she faltered; "he is in prison; they say he"—But the expostulation which began thus timidly broke down of itself, for the women laughed again out of their mouths choked with the bread, and in another moment they were gone.

Naomi's spirit was crushed, but she tried to keep up a brave front still. To speak of her father again would be to shame him. The poor little illusions of the sweetness and goodness of the world which, in spite of vague recollections of Tetuan, she had struggled, since the coming of her sight, to build up in her fresh young soul were now tumbling to pieces. After all, the world was very cruel. It was the same as if an angel out of the clouds had fallen on to the earth and found her feet mired with clay.

Six hours after she had set out from her home Naomi came to a fondak which stood in those days outside the walls of Tetuan on the south-western side. The darkness had closed in by this time, and she must needs rest there for the night, but never until then had she reflected that for such accommodation she would need money. Only a few coppers were necessary, only twenty moozonahs, that she might lie in the shelter and safety of one of the pens that were built for the sleep of human creatures, and that her mule might be tethered and fed on the manure heap that constituted the square space within. At last she bethought her of her eggs, and, though it went to her heart to use for herself what was meant for her father, she parted with twelve of them, and some cakes of the bread besides, that she might be allowed to pass the gate, telling herself repeatedly, with big throbs of remorse between her protestations, that unless she did so her father might never get anything at all.

The fondak was a miserable place, full of farming people who were to go on to market at Tetuan in the morning, of many animals of burden, and of countless dogs. It was the eve of the month of Rabyâ el-coal, and between the twilight and the coming of night certain of the men watched for the new moon, and when its thin bow appeared in the sky they signalled its advent after their usual manner by firing their flintlocks into the air, while their women, who were squatting around, kept up a cooing chorus. Then came eating and drinking, and laughing and singing, and playing the gimbrî, and feats of juggling, as well as snarling and quarrelling and fighting, and also peacemaking by means of a cudgel wielded by the keeper of the fondak. With such exercises the night passed into morning.

Naomi was sick. Her head ached. The smell of rotten fish, the stench of the manure heap, the braying of the donkeys, the barking of the dogs, the grunt of the camels, and the tumult of human voices made her light-headed. She could neither eat nor sleep. Almost as soon as it was light she was up and out and on her way. "I must lose no time," she thought, trying not to realise that the blue sky was turning round her, that noises were ringing in her head, and that her poor little heart, which had been so stout only yesterday, was sinking very low.

"He must be starving," she told herself again, and that helped her to forget her own troubles and to struggle on. But oh! if the world were only not so cruel, oh! if there were anyone to give her a word of cheer, nay, a glance of pity! But nobody had looked at her except the women who stole her bread and the men who shamed her with their wicked eyes.

That one day's experience did more than all her life before it to fill her with the bitter fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. Her illusions fell away from her, and her sweet childish faith was broken down. She saw herself as she was: a simple girl, a child ignorant of the ways of the world, going on a long journey unknown to her, alone, thinking to succour her father in prison, and carrying a handful of eggs and a few poor cakes of bread. When at length the scales fell from the eyes of her mind, and as she trudged along on her bonny mule, afraid to ask her way, she saw herself so, with all her fine purposes shrivelled up, do what she would to be brave, she could not help but cry. It was all so vain, so foolish, she was such a weak little thing. Her father knew this, and that was why he told her to stay where he left her. What if he came home while she was absent! Should she go back?

She had almost concluded to return, struggle as she might to push forward, when going close under the town walls, near to the very gate, the Bab Toot, whereat she had been cast out with her father, remembering this scene of their abasement with a new sense of its cruelty and shame born now of her own simple troubles, she lit upon a woman who was coming out.

It was Habeebah. She was now the slave of Benaboo, and was just then stealing away from the Kasba in the early morning that she might go in search of Naomi, whose whereabouts and condition she had lately learned.

The two might have passed unknown, for Habeebah was veiled, but that Naomi had again forgotten her blanket and was uncovered. In another moment the poor frightened girl, with all her brave bearing gone, was weeping on the black woman's breast.

"Where are you going to?" said Habeebah. "To my father," Naomi began. "He is in prison; they say he is starving; I was taking food to him, but I am lost, I don't know my way, and besides"—

"The very thing!" cried Habeebah. Habeebah had her own little scheme. It was meant to win emancipation at the hands of her master, and paradise for her soul when she died. Naomi, who was a Jewess, was to turn Mussulma. That was all. Then her troubles would end, and wondrous fortune would descend upon her, and her father who was in prison would be set free.

Now, religion was nothing to Naomi; she hardly understood what it meant. The differences of faith were less than nothing; but her father was everything, and so she clutched at Habeebah's bold promises like a drowning soul at the froth of a breaker.

"My father will be let out of prison? You are sure—quite sure?" she asked.

"Quite sure," answered Habeebah, stoutly.

Naomi's hopes of ever reaching her father were now faint, and her poor little stock of eggs and bread was looking like folly to her newborn worldliness.

"Very well," she said. "I will turn Mussulma."

A few minutes afterwards she was riding by Habeebah's side into the town, through the Bab Toot, across the Feddan, and up to the courtyard of the Kasba, which had witnessed the beginning of her own and her father's degradation. Then, tethering the beast in the open stables there, Habeebah took Naomi into her own little room, and left her alone for some minutes while she hastened to Benaboo in secret with her wondrous news.

"Sidi," she said, "the beautiful Jewess Naomi, the daughter of Israel ben Olliel, will turn Mussulma."

"Where is she?" said Benaboo.

"Sidi," said Habeebah, "I have promised that you will liberate her father."

"Fetch her," said Benaboo, "and it shall be done."

But meantime Fatima had gone to Habeebah's room, and found Naomi there and heard of the vain hope which had brought her.

"My sweet jewel of gold and silver," the black woman cried, "you don't know what you are doing. Turn Mussulma, and you will be parted from your father for ever. He is a Jew, and will have no right to you any more. You will never, never see him again. He will be lost to you—lost—I say—lost!"

Habeebah, with two of the guard, came back to take Naomi to Benaboo. The poor girl was bewildered. She had seen nothing but her father in Fatima's protest, just as she had seen nothing but her father in Habeebah's promises. She did not know what to do; she was such a poor weak little thing, and there was no strong hand to guide her.

They led her through dark passages to an open place which she thought she had seen before. It was a great patio, paved and walled with tiles. Men were standing together there in red peaked caps and flowing white kaftans. And before them all was one old man in garments that were of the colour of the afternoon sun, with sleeves like the mouths of bells, a silver knife at his wristband, and little leather bags, hung by yellow cords, about his neck. Beside this man there was a woman of a laughing cruel face, and she herself, Naomi, stood in the midst, with every eye upon her. Where had she seen all this before?

Benaboo had often bethought him of the beautiful girl since he committed her father to prison. He cherished schemes concerning her which he did not share with his wife Katharine. But he had hitherto been withheld by two considerations: the first being that he was beset with difficulties arising out of the demands of the Sultan for more money than he could find, and the next that he foresaw the necessity that might perchance arise of recalling Israel to his post. Out of these grave bedevillments he had extricated himself at length by imposing dues on certain tribes of Reefians, who had never yet acknowledged the Sultan's authority, and by calling on the Sultan's army to enforce them. The Sultan had come in answer to his summons, the Reefians had been routed, their villages burnt, and that morning at daybreak he had received a message saying that Abderrahman intended to keep the feast of the Mulud at Tetuan. So this capture of Naomi was the luckiest chance that could have befallen him at such a moment. She should witness to the Prophet; her father, the Jew, should thereby lose his rights in her; and he himself, as her sole guardian-in-state, should present her as a peace-offering to the Sultan on crossing the boundary of his bashalic.

Such was the new plan which Benaboo straightway conceived at hearing the news of Habeebah, and in another moment he had propounded it to Katharine. But when Naomi came into the patio, looking so soft, so timid, so tired, yet so beautiful, so unlike his own painted beauties, with the light of the dawn on her open face, with her clear eyes and the sweet mouth of a child, his evil passions had all they could do not to go back to his former scheme.

"So you wish to turn Mussulma?" he said.

Naomi gave one dazed look around, and then cried in a voice of fear: "No, no, no!"

Benaboo glanced at Habeebah, and Habeebah fell upon Naomi with protests and remonstrances. "She said so," Habeebah cried. "'I will turn Mussulma' she said. Yes, Sidi, she said so, I swear it!"

"Did you say so?" asked Benaboo.

"Yes," said Naomi, faintly.

"Then, by Allah, there can be no going back now," said Benaboo; and he told her what was the penalty of apostasy. It was death. She must choose between them.

Naomi began to cry, and Benaboo to laugh at her, and Habeebah to plead with her. Still she saw one thing only. "But what of my father?" she said.

"He shall be liberated," said Benaboo.

"But shall I see him again? Shall I go back to him?" said Naomi.

"The girl is a simpleton!" said Katharine.

"She is only a child," said Benaboo, and with one glance more at her flower-like face, he committed her for three days to the apartments of his women.

These apartments consisted of a garden overgrown by straggling weeds, with a fountain of muddy water in the middle, an oblong room that was stifling from many perfumes, and certain smaller chambers. The garden was inhabited by a gazelle, whose great startled eyes looked out through the long grass; and the oblong room by a number of women of varying ages, among whom were a matronly Mooreess, called Tarha, in a scarlet head-dress and with a string of great keys swung from shoulder to waist; a Circassian, called Hoolia, in a gorgeous kaftan of red silk and gold brocade; a Frenchwoman, called Josephine, with embroidered red slippers and black stockings; and a Jewess, called Sol, with a band of silk handkerchiefs tied round her forehead, above her coal-black

curls, with her fingers pricked out with henna and her eyelids darkened with koul.

Such were Benaboo's wives and concubines and captives, whom he had not divorced according to his promise; and when Naomi came among them they did their duty by their master faithfully. Being trapped themselves, they tried to entrap Naomi also. They overwhelmed her with caresses, they went into ecstasies over her beauty, and caused the future which awaited her to shine before her eyes. She would have a noble husband, magnificent dresses, a brilliant palace, and the world would be at her feet. "And what's the difference between Moosa and Mohammed?" said Sol, "look at me!" "Tut!" said Josephine, "there's nothing to choose between them." "For my part," said Tarha, "I don't see what it matters to us, they say Paradise is for the men!" "And think of the jewels, and the ear-rings as big as a bracelet," said Hoolia, "instead of this," and she drew away between her thumb and first finger the blanket which Naomi's neighbour had given her.

It was all to no purpose. "But what of my father?" Naomi asked again and again.

The women lost patience at her simpleness, gave up their solicitations, ignored her, and busied themselves with their own affairs. "Tut!" they said, "why should we want her to be made a wife of the Sultan? She would only walk over us like dirt whenever she came to Tetuan."

Then, sitting alone in their midst, listening to their talk, their tales, their jests, and their laughter, the unseen mantle fell upon Naomi at last which made her a woman who had hitherto been a child. In this hothouse of sickly odours these women lived together, having no occupation but that of eating and drinking and sleeping, no education but devising new means of pleasing the lust of their husband's eye, no delight but that of supplanting each other in his love, no passion but jealousy, no diversion but sporting on the roofs, no end but death and the Kabar.

Seeing the uselessness of the siege, Benaboo transferred Naomi to the prison, and set Habeebah to guard her. The black woman was in terror at the turn that events had taken. There was nothing to do now but to go on, so she importuned Naomi with prayers. How could she be so hard-hearted? Could she keep her father furnishing in prison when one word out of her lips would liberate him? Naomi had no answer but her tears. She remembered the harem, and cried.

Then Benaboo thought of a daring plan. He called the Grand Rabbi and commanded him to go to Naomi and convert her to Islam. The Rabbi obeyed with trembling. After all, it was the same God that both peoples worshipped, only the Moors called Him Allah and the Jews Jehovah. Naomi knew little of either. It was not of God that she was thinking: it was only of her father. She was too innocent to see the trick, but the Rabbi failed. He kissed her, and went away wiping his eyes.

Rumour of Naomi's plight had passed through the town, and one night a number of Moors came secretly to a lane at the back of the Kasba, where a narrow window opened into her cell. They told her in whispers that what she held as tragical was a very simple matter. "Turk Mussulma," they pleaded, "and save yourself. You are too young to die. Resign yourself, for God's sake." But no answer came back to them where they were gathered in the darkness save low sobs from inside the wall.

At last Benaboo made two announcements. The first, a public one, was that Abderrahman would reach Tetuan within two days more, on the opening of the feast of the Mulud, and the other a private one, that if Naomi had not said the Kelmah by first prayers the following morning both she should die and her father be cut off as the penalty of her apostasy.

That night the place under the narrow window in the dark lane was occupied by a group of Jews. "Sister," they whispered, "sister of our people, listen. The Basha is a hard man. This day he has robbed us of all we had that he may pay for the Sultan's visit. Listen! We have heard something. We want Israel ben Olliel back among us. He was our father, he was our brother. Save his life for sake of our children, for the Basha has taken their bread. Save him, sister, we beg, we entreat, we pray."

Naomi broke down at last. Next morning at dawn, kneeling among men in the Grand Mosque in the Metamar, she repeated the Word after the Imam: "I testify that there is no God but God, and that our Lord Mohammed is the messenger of God. I am truly resigned."

Then she was taken back to the women's apartments, and clad in gorgeous dresses. Her child-face was wet with tears. She was only a poor weak little thing, she knew nothing of religion, she loved her father better than God, and all the world was against her.

CHAPTER XXIII.

OF ISRAEL'S RETURN FROM PRISON.

Such was the method of Israel's release. But knowing nothing of the price which had been paid for it he was filled with an immense joy. Nay, his happiness was quite childish, so suddenly had the darkness which hung over his life been lifted away. Anyone who had seen him in prison would have been puzzled by the change as he came away from it. He laughed with the courier who walked with him to the town gate, and jested with the gate porter as with an old acquaintance. His voice was merry, his eye gleamed in the rays of the lantern, his face was flushed, and his step was light. "Afraid to travel in the night? No, no, I'll meet nothing worse than myself. Others may meet me? Ha, ha! Perhaps so, perhaps so." "No evil with you, brother?" "No evil, praised be God." "Well, peace be to you!" "On you be peace!" "May your morning be blessed! Good-night!" "Good-night!" Then with a wave of the hand he was gone into the darkness.

It was a wonderful night. The moon, which was in its first quarter, was still low in the east, but the stars were thick overhead, making a silvery dome that almost obliterated the blue. Rivers were rumbling on the hill-side, an owl was hooting in the distance, kine that could not be seen were chewing audibly near at hand, and sheep like patches of white in the gloom were scuttling through the grass before Israel's footsteps. Israel walked quickly, tracing his course between the two arms of the Jebel Sheshawan, whose summits were visible against the sky. The air was cool and moist, and a gentle breeze was coming down from the sea. Oh! the joy of it to him who had lain long months in prison! Israel drank in the night air as a young colt drinks in the wind.

And if it was night in the world without, it was day in Israel's heart. "I am going to be happy," he told himself, "yes, very happy, very happy." He raised his eyes to heaven, and a star, bigger and brighter than the rest, hung over the path before him. "It is leading me to Naomi," he thought. He knew that was folly, but he could not restrain his mind from foolishness. And at least she had the same moon and stars above her sleep, for she would be sleeping now. "I am coming," he cried. He fixed his eye on the bright star in front and pushed forward, never resting, never pausing.

The morning dawned. Long rippling waves of morning air

came down the mountains, cool, chill, and moist. The grey light became tinged with red. Then the sun rose somewhere. It had not yet appeared, but the peak of the western hill was flushed and a raven flew out and perched on the point of light. Israel's breast expanded, and he strode on with a firmer step. "She will be waking soon," he told himself.

The world awoke. From unseen places birds began to sing—the wheatear in the crevices of the rocks, the sedge-warbler among the rushes of the rivers. The sun strode up over the hill summit, and then all the earth below was bright. Dew-drops sparkled on the late flowers, and lay like vast spiders' webs over the grass; sheep began to bleat, dogs to bark, kine to low, horses to cross each other's necks, and over the freshness of the air came the smell of peat and of green boughs burning. Israel did not stop, but pushed on with new eagerness. "She must have risen now," he told himself. He could almost fancy he saw her opening the door and looking out for him in the sunlight.

"Poor little thing," he thought, "how she misses me! But I am coming, I am coming!"

The country looked very beautiful, and strangely changed since he saw it last. Then it had been like a dead man's face; now it was like a face that was always smiling. And though the year was so old it seemed to be quite young. No tired look of autumn, no warning of winter, only the freshness and vigour of spring. "I am going to see my child, and I shall be happy yet," thought Israel. The dust of life seemed to hang on him no longer.

He came to a little village called Dâr el Fakeer—"the house of the poor one." The place did not even justify its name, for it was a cinereous wreck. Not a living creature was to be seen anywhere. The village had been sacked by the Sultan's army, and its inhabitants had fled to the mountains. Israel paused a moment, and looked into one of the ruined houses. He knew it must have been the house of a Jew, for he could recognise it by its smell. The floor was strewn over with rubbish—cans, kettles, water-bottles; a woman's headkerchief, and a dainty red slipper. On the ragged grass in the court within there were some little stones built up into tiny squares, and bits of stick stuck into the ground in lines. A young girl had lived in that house; children had played there, the gaunt and silent place breathed of their spirits still. "Poor souls!" thought Israel, but the troubles of others could not really touch him. At that very moment his heart was joyful.

The day was warm, but not too hot for walking. Israel did not feel weary, and so he went on without resting. He reckoned how far it was from Shawan to his home near Samsa. It was nearly seventy miles. That distance would take two days and two nights to cover on foot. He had left the prison on Wednesday night, and it would be Friday at sunset before he reached Naomi. It was now Thursday morning. He must lose no time. "You see, the poor little thing will be waiting, waiting, waiting," he told himself. "These sweet creatures are all so impatient; yes, yes, so foolishly impatient, God bless them!"

He met people on the road, and hailed them with good cheer. They answered his greetings sadly, and a few of them told him of their trouble. Something they said of Benaboo, that he had demanded a hundred dollars which they could not pay, and something of the Sultan, that he had ransacked their houses and then gone on with his great army, his twenty wives, and fifteen tents to keep the feast at Tetuan. But Israel hardly knew what they told him, though he tried to lend an ear to their story. He was thinking out a wonderful scheme for the future. With Naomi he was to leave Morocco. They were to sail for England. Free, mighty, noble, beautiful England! Ah! how it shone in his memory, the little white island of the sea! His mother's home! England! Yes, he would go back to it. True, he had no friends there now; but what matter of that? Ah! yes, he was old and the roll-call of his kindred showed him pitiful gaps. His mother! Ruth! But he had Naomi still. Naomi! He spoke her name aloud, softly, tenderly, caressingly, as if his wrinkled hand were on her hair. Then, recovering himself, he laughed to think that he could be so childish.

Near to sunset he came upon a dooar, a tent village, in a waste place. It was pitched in a wide circle, and opened inwards. The animals were picketed in the centre, where children and dogs were playing, and the voices of men and women came from inside the tents. Fires were burning under kettles swung from triangles, and sight of this reminded Israel that he had not eaten since the previous day. "I must have food," he thought, "though I do not feel hungry." So he stopped, and the wandering Arabs hailed him. "Rajbabicoom!" they cried, from where they sat within.

"You are very welcome! Welcome to our lofty land!" Their land was the world.

Israel went into one of the tents, and sat down to a dish of boiled beans and black bread. It was very sweet. A man was eating beside him; a woman, half dressed, and with face uncovered, was suckling a child while she worked a loom which was fastened to the tent's two upright poles. Some fowls were nestling for the night under the tent wing, and a young girl was by turns churning milk by tossing it in a goat's skin, and baking cakes on a fire of dried thistles crackling in a hole over three stones. All were laughing together, and Israel laughed along with them.

"On a long journey, brother?" said the man.

"No, oh, no, no," said Israel. "Only to Samsa, no farther."

"Well, you must sleep here to-night," said the Arab.

"Ah, I cannot do that," said Israel.

"No?"

"You see, I am going back to my little daughter. She is alone, poor child; and has not seen her old father for months. Really it is wrong of a man to stay away such a time. These tender creatures are so impatient, you know. And then they imagine such things, do they not? Well, I suppose we must humour them—that's what I always say."

"But look, the night is coming, and a dark one too!" said the woman.

"Oh, nothing, that's nothing, sister," said Israel. "Well, peace! Farewell all, farewell!"

Waving his hand he went away laughing, but before he had gone far the darkness overtook him. It came down from the mountains like a dense black cloud. Not a star in the sky, not a gleam on the land, darkness ahead of him, darkness behind, one thick pall hanging in the air on every side. Still for a while he toiled along. Every step was an effort. The ground seemed to sink under him. It was like walking on mattresses. He began to feel tired and nervous and spiritless. A cold sweat broke out on his brow, and at length, when the sound of a river came from somewhere near, though on which side of him he could not tell, he had no choice but to stop. "After all, it is better," he thought. "Strange, how things happen for the best! I must sleep to-night, for to-morrow night I will get no sleep at all. No, for I will have so many things to say and to ask and to hear."

Consoling himself so, he tried to sleep where he was, and as slumber crept upon him in the darkness, with five-and-twenty heavy miles of dense night between him and his home, he crooned and talked to himself in a childish way that he might

comfort his aching heart. "Yes, I must sleep—sleep—to-morrow she must sleep and I must watch by her—watch by her as I used to do—used to do—how soft and beautiful—how beautiful—sleeping—sleep—Ah!"

When he awoke the sun had risen. The sea lay before him in the distance, the blue Mediterranean stretching out to the blue sky. He was on the borders of the country of the Beni-Hassan, and, after wading the river which he had heard in the night, he began again on his journey. It was now Friday morning, and by sunset of that day he would be back at his home near Samsa. Already he could see Tetuan far away, girt by its white walls, and perched on the hillside.

But how dizzy he was! How the world went round! How the earth trembled! Was the glare of the sun too fierce that morning, or had his eyes grown dim? Going blind? Well, even so, he would not repine, for Naomi could see now. She would see for him also. How sweet to see through Naomi's eyes! Naomi was young and joyous and bright and blithe. All the world was new to her, and strange and beautiful. It would be a second and far sweeter youth.

Naomi—Naomi—always Naomi! He had thought of her hitherto as she had appeared to him during the few days of their happy lives at Samsa. But now he began to wonder if time had not changed her since then. Two months and a half—it seemed so long! He had visions of Naomi grown from a sweet girl to a lovely woman. A great soul beamed out of her big, slow eyes. He himself approached her meekly, humbly, reverently. Nevertheless, he was her father still—her old, tired, dim-eyed father, and she led him here and there, and described things to him. He could see and hear it all. First, Naomi's voice: "A bow in the sky—red, blue, crimson—oh!" Then his own deeper one, out of its lightsome darkness: "A rainbow, child!" Ah! the dreams were beautiful!

Towards midday Israel came under the walls of Tetuan, between the Sultan's gardens and the flour-mills that are turned by the escaping sewers, and there he lit upon a company of Jews. They were a deputation that had come out from the town to meet him, and at first sight of his face they were shocked. He had left Tetuan a stricken man, it was true, but strong and firm, fifty years of age and resolute. Six months had passed, and he was coming back as a weak, broken, shattered, doddering, infirm old man of eighty. Their hearts fell low before they spoke, but after a pause one of them—Israel knew him: a greybearded man, his name was Solomon Laredo—stepped up and said, "Israel ben Olliel, our poor Tetuan is in trouble. It needs you. Alas! we dealt ill with you, but God has punished us, and we are brothers now. Come back to us, we pray of you; for we have heard of a great thing that is coming to pass. Listen!"

Something they told him then of Mohammed of Mequinez, follower of Seidna Aisa (Jesus of Nazareth), but a good man nevertheless, and also something they said of the Spaniards and of one Marshall O'Donnell, who was to bombard Marteel and then march on to Tetuan. But Israel heard very little. "I think my hearing must be failing me," he said, and then he laughed lightly, as if that did not greatly matter. "And to tell you the truth, though I pity my poor brethren, I can no longer help them. God will raise up a better minister."

"Never!" cried the Jews, in many voices.

"Anyhow," said Israel, "my life among you is ended. I set no store by place and power. Besides, I am to go to England with my little daughter. You remember her—Naomi—a charming girl. Do you know she can see now, and hear, and speak also! Yes, for God has lifted His hand away from her, and I am going to be very happy. Well, I must leave you, brothers. The little one will be waiting. I must not keep her too long, must I? Peace, peace!"

Seeing his profound faith, no one dared to tell him the truth that was on every tongue. A wave of compassion swept over all. The deputation stood and watched him until he had sunk under the hill.

And now, being come thus near to home, Israel's impatience robbed him of some of his happy confidence and filled him with fears. He began to think of all the evil chances that might have befallen Naomi. His absence had been so long and so many things might have happened since he went away. In this mood he tried to run. It was a poor uncertain shambling. At nearly every step the body lurched for poise and balance.

At last he came to a point of the path from which, as he knew, the little rush-covered house ought to be seen. "It's yonder," he cried, and pointed it out to himself with uplifted finger. The sun was sinking, and its strong rays were in his face. "She's there, I see her!" he shouted. A few minutes later he was near the door. "No, my eyes deceived me," he said in a damp voice. "Or perhaps she has gone in—perhaps she's hiding—the sweet rogue!"

The door was half open; he pushed it and entered the house. "Naomi!" he called in a voice like a caress. "Naomi!" His voice trembled now. "Come to me, come, dearest; come quickly, quickly, I cannot see!" He listened. There was not a sound, not a movement. "Naomi!" The name was like a gurgle in his throat. There was a pause, and then he said very feebly and simply, "She's not here."

He looked around, and picked up something from the floor. It was a slipper covered with mould. As he gazed upon it a change came over his face. Dead? Was Naomi dead? He had thought of death before—for himself, for others, never for Naomi. At a stride the awful thing was on him. Death! Oh, oh!

With a helpless, broken, blind look he was standing in the middle of the floor with the slipper in his hand, when a footstep came to the door. He flung the slipper away and threw open his arms. Naomi—it must be she!

It was Fatima. She had come in secret, that the evil news of what had been done at the Kasba and the Mosque might not be broken to Israel too suddenly. He met her with a terrible question. "Where is she laid?" he said in a voice of awe.

Fatima saw his error instantly. "Naomi is alive," she said, and, seeing how the clouds lifted off his face, she added quickly, "and well, very well."

That is not telling a falsehood, she thought; but when Israel, with a cry of joy which was partly pain, flung his arms about her, she saw what she had done.

"Where is she?" he cried. "Bring her, you dear good soul. Why is she not here? Lead me to her, lead me!"

Then Fatima began to wring her hands. "Alas!" she said, weeping, "that cannot be."

Israel steadied himself and waited. "She cannot come to you and neither can you go to her," said Fatima. "But she is well, oh! very well. Poor child, she is at the Kasba—no, no, not the prison—oh! no, she is happy—I mean she is well, yes, and cared for—indeed, she is at the palace—the women's palace—but set your mind easy—she!"

With such broken blundering words the good woman blurted out the truth and tried to deaden the blow of it. But the soul lives fast, and Israel lived a lifetime in that moment.

"The palace!" he said, in a bewildered way. "The women's palace—the women's!"—and then broke off shortly. "Fatima, I want to go to Naomi," he said.

And Fatima stammered, "Alas! alas! you cannot, you never can!"

"Fatima," said Israel, with an awful calm. "Can't you

see, woman, I have come home. I and Naomi have been long parted. Do you not understand?—I want to go to my daughter."

"Yes, yes," said Fatima, "but you can never go to her any more. She is in the women's apartments."

Then a great hoarse groan came from Israel's throat.

"Poor child, it was not her fault! Listen," said Fatima, "only listen."

But Israel would hear no more. The torrent of his fury bore down everything before it. Fatima's feeble protests were drowned. "Silence!" he cried. "What need is there for words? She is in the palace!—that's enough. The women's palace—the harem—what more is there to say!"

Putting the fact so to his own consciousness, and seeing it grossly in all its horror, his passion fell like a breaking in of waters. "O God!" he cried, "my enemy casts me into prison. I lie there rotting, starving. I think of my little daughter left behind alone. I hasten home to her. But where is she? She is gone. She is in the house of my enemy. Curse her! . . . No, no; not that, either! Pardon me, O God, not that, whatever happens! But the palace—the women's palace, Naomi! My little daughter! Her face was so sweet, so simple. I could have sworn that she was innocent. My love! my dove! I had only to look at her to see that she loved me! And now the harem—that hell—and Benaboo—that libertine! I have lost her for ever! Yet her soul was mine—I wrestled with God for it!"

He stopped suddenly, his face became awfully discoloured, he dropped to his knees on the floor, lifted his eyes and his hands towards heaven, and cried in a voice at once stern and heartrending: "Kill her, O God! Kill her body, O my God, that her soul may be mine again!"

At this awful cry Fatima fled out of the hut. It was the last voice of tottering reason. After that he became quiet, and when Fatima returned the following morning he was talking to himself in a childish way while sitting at the door, and gazing before him with a lifeless look. Sometimes he quoted scriptures which were startlingly true to his condition: "I am alone, I am a companion to owls. . . . I have cleansed my heart in vain. . . . My feet are almost gone, my steps have wellnigh slipped. . . . I am as one whom his mother comforteth."

Between these scriptures there were low incoherent cries, and simple, foolish, baby-play-words. Again and again he called on Naomi, always softly and tenderly, as if her name were a sacred thing. At times he appeared to think that he was back in prison, and made a little prayer—always the same—that she should be kept from harm and evil. Once he seemed to hear a voice that cried: "Israel ben Olliel! Israel ben Olliel!"

"Here! Israel is here!" he answered. He thought the Kaid was calling him. The Kaid was the King. "Yes, I will go back to the King," he said. Then he looked down at his tattered kaftan, which was mired with dirt, and tried to brush it clean, to button it, and to tie up the ragged threads of it. At last he cried, as if servants were about him and he were a master still: "Bring me robes—clean robes—white robes—I am going back to the King!"

(To be concluded in our next.)

People often speak of the emptiness of the City churches. "On a recent Sunday (writes a correspondent to the *City Press*) I formed one of a party of visitors to Lichfield Cathedral, when, during Litany, there were only five other people in the place, bringing the total of the congregation up to eleven."

The "Life of Her Majesty the Empress Victoria," composed in Sanskrit by H. H. Kerala Varma, the Valiya Koil Tamburan of Travancore, has been translated into Malayalam verse by a conclave of eleven Malayalam poets. The poem, which consists of 108 slokas, depicts the history of the Queen-Empress from her childhood.

ECCELESIASTICAL NOTES.

Alike among Churchmen and Dissenters the great subject of discussion at present is the condition of the villages. The decay of the population has in many instances brought the chapels so low that some prominent Nonconformist leaders seem almost inclined to leave the villages to their fate, and confine their work to towns. The Church continues, but has great difficulties. "A Northamptonshire Rector" writes to a Church paper that "on the whole, Hodge believes the parson's interests, and therefore his motives, to be opposed to his own, and he learns from those who have his ear to consider the Church, as an institution, his undoubted enemy." The same writer thinks that charities do harm to the Church, as an ever-ready medium of bringing odium on the parish priest in the hands of all who desire to do so. And another says, "There is no love for the Church, and no small wonder. Not long ago I heard a man say, after debating the doings of the clergy and

pledged to send the last edition of his book to Rome for authoritative correction. The book is probably hopelessly discredited.

Here are some new and good examination stories, which I take from "Peter Lombard."

The following translation was given of—

"Felices animæ quibus hæc cognoscere primis, Inque domos superas scandere, cura fuit."

"O lively cats, to whom it was a care to know those things, and to climb to the tops of the roofs."

Surely that is exquisitely possible.

"Do you know the meaning of syntax?"

"Syntax is the duty upon spirits."

"Could your father walk round the world?"

"No, Sir."

"Why not?"

"Because he's dead."

Dean Burgon's Life has been completed by Dean Goulburn,

and will be out soon. Mr. Murray is to be the publisher. No doubt Dr. Goulburn's mild temper will greatly modify the controversial matter of which Dr. Burgon's letters must be full, but on all main subjects the two are in firm agreement. The Rev. Edward Miller has resigned the rectory of Bucknill and moved into Oxford to edit and complete Dr. Burgon's work on textual criticism. And, last of all, I heard recently that the eccentric and omniscient Lagarde was to have one of the late Dean's books translated into German.

The autumn programmes of the Baptist and Congregational Unions are unspeakably dull, but there is the promise of some sharp personal controversy at the latter assembly. V.

THE FRUIT INDUSTRY OF CALIFORNIA.

The people of the United States of America, it has been remarked, are more a fruit-eating people than we in England; also a fruit-growing people. The attention paid to this branch of cultivation is shown by an official report, which estimated the farm value of the fruits grown in 1888 at the sum of 175 millions of dollars, equal to half the value of the wheat crop. Nearly all this fruit was consumed in the country, while foreign fruit was imported which sold, in the United States, for about 100 millions of dollars. But generally in the Atlantic States, and in the vast plains eastward of the Rocky Mountains, and in the Southern States, with the exception of Florida, the area devoted to this culture is not increasing. It is California, of which some of its inhabitants now boast as "the orchard of the world," that possesses the greatest advantage of soil and climate for the production of the greatest variety of fruits. Special books have been written on

this subject; and a Report by the California State Board is before us, to which we may refer as giving importance to the scene of industry represented in our Illustrations. It was estimated by General N. P. Chipman, of Red Bluff, that the number of fruit-trees planted in California was at least twenty millions. South California, with an equable temperature similar to that of sheltered spots on the Italian Riviera, is most favourable to the orange and lemon; the bulk of citrus fruits are grown within a hundred miles of Los Angeles, especially in that county and in those of San Bernardino and San Diego. For nearly all other fruits Central and North California afford the best advantages: the country all round Sacramento is largely occupied by fruit-growers. All varieties of grapes, including those which make wines and those made into raisins, the olive, the fig, the plum, prune, peach, nectarine, apricot, almond, walnut, pear, cherry, and most fruits of Continental Europe, attain perfection in California. Their culture has been immensely stimulated, of late years, by railway transport of the produce, including dried fruits and canned peaches, apricots, and pears, to the markets in the Eastern States. The raisins have occasionally fetched better prices in London than those of Malaga.



ON GUARD.

their families, 'Yes, yes, they can do such things, and still look on us as if we were muck under their feet.'

Mr. Gladstone's forthcoming visit to Trinity College, Glenalmond, on Oct. 1, when the college celebrates its jubilee, is much commented on in Scotland. The school is for Episcopalians, and though its fortunes have varied, it can boast of many eminent men, such as Bishop Wordsworth, Bishop Barry, Dr. Hannah, and Canon Bright among former wardens. The incident shows Mr. Gladstone's ever-deepening love for his Church. In the first Midlothian campaigns, he, with Lord Rosebery, attended on various occasions Presbyterian churches; latterly he has gone nowhere but to the Episcopal church, and, even when staying with Dissenting hosts in England, has parted with them on Sundays and gone to hear some unknown curate in preference to the leading lights of Dissent.

There is wrath among scholars in the Church of Rome. Professor Funk of Tübingen, a well-known Catholic scholar, has written an able text-book of Church history in which he has not spoken of the Jesuits with unmitigated praise. The consequence is he has been denounced by them and com-



FRUIT-GATHERING IN CALIFORNIA.

LITERATURE.

A DAINY BOOKLET.

Amid the depressing brutalities which, on the one hand, are saluted as the outpourings of unparalleled genius, and the Cockney vulgarities which, on the other, are accepted as humour fit for innumerable editions, it is pleasant to come upon a booklet so delicate, so artistic, and so fanciful as "The Book-bills of Narcissus." * There are not a hundred pages of it, all told, but I would far rather read it five times than I would attempt to wade once through the most realistic coarseness set out in a volume of five hundred pages. Not that one can wholly approve the particular Narcissus of whom rather than of his book-bills this is an account. Why should one? I like my little heroes to be not altogether flawless, and in this respect Narcissus satisfies me amply. But there is an engaging and almost Pepsian frankness in the narration of his faults, his affections, and his whims which makes one wish sincerely for a meeting with the light-hearted youth who was assuredly not too good for human nature's daily food. Mr. Le Gallienne is an ardent Meredithian, and I am sure he will not feel that I wish to detract from his undoubted originality when I say that something of his master's spirit has entered into him. Rather let him take it as a delicate insinuation of praise. And there is sound criticism both of books and of conduct in "Narcissus," criticism refreshed and sustained by gentle airs of fancy and refinement. If I must choose a favourite chapter, I take the seventh, which gives an account of the meeting between Narcissus and George Muncaster; and in order to give not only chapter but verse also, for my preference, I quote the delightful songs which George Muncaster sings to his children—

MORNING SONG.

Morning comes to little eyes,
Wakens birds and butterflies,
Bids the flower uplift his head,
Calls the whole round world from bed.
Up jump Geoffrey!
Up jump Owen!
Then up jump Phyllis!
And Father's going!

EVENING SONG.

The sun is weary, for he ran
So far and fast to-day;
The birds are weary, for who sang
So many songs as they?
The bees and butterflies at last
Are tired out, for just think, too,
How many gardens through the day
Their little wings have fluttered through.
And so, as all tired people do,
They've gone to lay their sleepy heads
Deep, deep in warm and happy beds.
The sun has shut his golden eye,
And gone to sleep beneath the sky;
The birds and butterflies and bees
Have all crept into flowers and trees,
And all lie quiet, still as mice,
Till morning comes like father's voice.
So Phyllis, Owen, Geoffrey, you
Must sleep away till morning too;
Close, little eyes, lie down, little heads,
And sleep, sleep, sleep in happy beds.

Happy Geoffrey, Owen, and Phyllis, say I, to have such songs to wake them and lull them to sleep! R. C. L.

FREDERICK TENNYSON'S POEMS.

BY RICHARD GARNETT, LL.D.

Mr. Frederick Tennyson's volume † is so distinctly an appendage to the poetical work of his illustrious brother that from this point of view it might hardly seem unreasonable to pronounce it superfluous. But such a character would be as unjust as unkind. A satellite is not superfluous. The path of a great poet across the heaven of fame is often marked, not only by his own body of light, but by a brilliant train of imitators, who attest his influence in his time, and are not wholly extinguished in the times to come, but remain visible, though with stationary and lessening ray, in the distant past, while their exemplar travels along with the ages. But Mr. Frederick Tennyson is more than even this: he is not, like most imitative poets, a man of poetical feeling who has caught the fashion of his day, and would have written with equal talent but in a totally different style had the fashion of style been set by another dominant author. Properly speaking, he is not an imitator at all; he is a full partaker with Lord Tennyson in the spiritual heritage of the family. We see no reason to deem him his brother's inferior in thought, in feeling, in insight, in a hundred noble gifts. We strongly suspect that he would have surpassed him as an essayist or an historian had the family bent lain that way. But when we compare the two as poets, we are constrained to pronounce that Lord Tennyson understands how to give poetic value to his thoughts and feelings, and that his brother does not. We have hence no difficulty in replying to a very plausible question: Had Alfred Tennyson never written, might not Frederick Tennyson have been an excellent, if not a great poet? Have not the boughs of the mighty cedar shut out air and light from the flower at the root? We think not. Mr. Frederick Tennyson has not been overshadowed by his brother in anything but reputation. On the contrary, the ambitious character of his themes, and the energy with which his aspirations are expressed, reveal an independence and self-reliance saying as much for the vigour of his mind as the publication of such a volume at the age of eighty does for his vitality and patience. The sum of the matter is that he is not, like his brother, a born singer or a born artist. The present volume, consisting entirely of blank verse, is scarcely adequate to establish the former proposition. We must recur to his lyrical volume, "Days and Hours," published nearly forty years ago. On comparison with Lord Tennyson's lyrics, we observe at once that, with the latter, song has come before speech; they express a musical impulse. With Frederick Tennyson's, speech has come before song. They scan very well, but the thought and the tune are never twin-born. Again, every phrase in Tennyson's poems is not merely exactly right, but, as a rule, has the touch of magic upon it; it surprises with unanticipated beauty: like the bird or butterfly which flits just out of reach, it has the charm of the unattainable. Frederick Tennyson's poetry, at its best, is the bird or butterfly in your hand, and open to prosaic inspection. Nor any more than Mr. Tennyson is the born magician is he the born artist. The length of the poems in this volume proves that he does not discern the virtue of poetic selection. What an immensity, without packing or huddling, Lord Tennyson has given us in

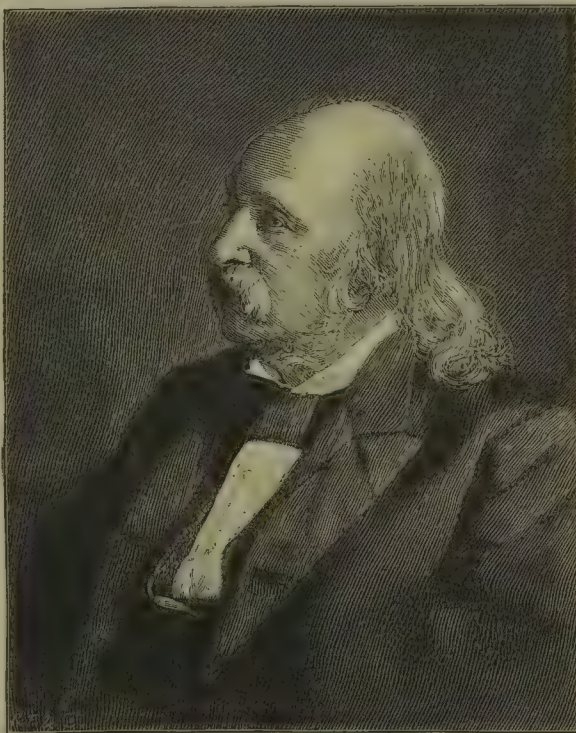
* *The Book-bills of Narcissus.* An Account rendered by Richard Le Gallienne. (Frank Murray, Derby, Leicester, and Nottingham, 1891.)

† *Daphne, and Other Poems.* By Frederick Tennyson. (Macmillan and Co.)

"(Enone"! what a history and what a prophecy are concentrated in "Ulysses"! In his hands his brother's miniature epics would probably have become monologues, like "Tithonus." The same want of selection is observable in single speeches and descriptions, though the former are generally eloquent, and the latter proceed from one who, if not an artist in the larger sense, is still a consummate artificer in choice and dainty language. The following lines, the commencement of a most elaborate word-picture of the Gardens of the Hesperides, are a fair specimen—

And then she smiled on him, and gave her hand,
And led him forth under the pleached boughs,
And alleys of her gardens, fairyland;
None knew what blissful hands had planted it,
And fashion'd in primeval happy hours.
The sun was sloping 'twixt the noon and eve,
And thro' the blown leaves, dazzled in their eyes,
And shot the domed leaves with countless hues,
Emerald, pale fire, and purple; every arch
Of the long bowery avenues was framed
Of linked branchwork and thick woven sprays,
Bearing all manner of fruits of fragrant rind,
Whose rosy-red or pale-gold clusters mix'd
With the pearl and silver of their own sweet flowers.

And so on for about a hundred and fifty lines of choice writing, which we fully believe Mr. Tennyson would have given us if Lord Tennyson had never existed, but which would have effected nothing appreciable towards filling up the hiatus made by such a subtraction from modern literature. We rather admire in Mr. Tennyson what no quotation can exhibit, the true Tennysonian spirit which breathes from his poetry, and which is as originally and indefeasibly his own as it is his brother's; the large views, the generous aspirations after what may be combined with dignified acquiescence in what is; the sympathy with all moral beauty from heroism to innocence; the acceptance of ancient myths as things of indestructible significance, and the constant effort to infuse a still higher and nobler meaning into them. We cannot promise Mr. Tennyson that his volume will live as poetry; but it will not, we think, escape the future historian of the thought and feeling of the Victorian epoch. It remains to be said that it consists of ten long poems in blank verse: "Daphne," "Pygmalion," "Ariadne," "Hesperia," "Atlantis," "Halcione," "Psyche," "Niobe," "Æson," and "King Athamas." Of these "Psyche" is the most thoughtful and philosophical, and the poet's aim of noble instruction is perhaps the most perfectly fulfilled in "Æson." "Niobe" has the strongest situation, and "Atlantis" contains the finest poetry on the whole.



MR. FREDERICK TENNYSON,
BROTHER OF THE POET LAUREATE.

The comparison of some of these pieces with Mr. Morris's treatment of the same subjects in "Jason" and "The Earthly Paradise" affords an interesting contrast between the purely objective, poetic, and artistic handling of a myth and the endeavour to exhibit its inner meaning. In every purely poetical endowment Mr. Morris is greatly Mr. Frederick Tennyson's superior; yet it is something to have hinted at the depth of significance unrevealed by the brilliant external painting of "The Earthly Paradise." This, of course, could not be done if Mr. Tennyson participated in Mr. Morris's special gift of spiritual kinship with the mythmakers themselves, and were not in every respect a man of the nineteenth century. From the register of the book it would seem to be intended, or to have been originally intended, as the second volume of the author's "Isles of Greece," though the insular character is only applicable to the first five poems.

"VIOLET MOSES."

Violet Moses. By Leonard Merrick. Three vols. (Bentley.)—If the title of this novel was devised with a view to startling by a repulsive incongruity of names belonging to one person, it shows a kind of ingenuity; though "Violet" is a sweet and "Moses" a venerable name, either of which, by itself, would suggest none but good associations. The opening chapters, in which the heroine is not Violet Moses, but Violet Dyas, present the only agreeable scenes, and characters not yet spoiled, those of this girl and a young man, Allan Morris, honestly in love with her, besides the girl's aunt, Mrs. Carroll, a frank, kindly, engaging old lady, with whom she is living at Chester. If the reader will stop just before the last chapter of the first volume, and leave the second and third volumes unread, nothing will be found to offend good taste or wholesome sentiment. Beyond this earlier portion of the story, we invite no reader of average refinement and sound moral sensibility to proceed. Although, in the species of domestic fictions at present in vogue, it is a favourite resource to contrast the figure of a high-minded young lady with those of her depraved parents, or her father—as she is usually motherless—and the vulgar, sordid, at least stupid and silly members of her family—sisters perhaps, with a step-mother, but in this case a grandmother and two aunts, who plague her because she is better than they—we question the benefit of such inventions, and have seldom observed that combination in real life. Mr. Dyas, a shameless swindler, an idler, a drunkard, a nuisance to society, adored by his female relatives, burdening their cheerless London household in its

shabby poverty, clutching at his daughter's little independent income, and provoking her anger by his boasts of unpunished crimes, is a character not worth the trouble of creating him, and not even amusing to the amateur of rascally types. When Violet, to escape these degrading connections, becomes the wife of a rich Jew stockbroker, Leopold Moses, she falls into an opposite abyss of vulgarity, not less detestable; that of the orgies of gambling and coarsely profuse mutual entertainments of money-making City Jews and their gorgeous, greedy wives—such people as we have never met among our respectable acquaintance of the Jewish religion. The nauseous descriptions of their nocturnal dissipation, in the neighbourhood of Maida Vale, fill a considerable space, unrelieved by any gleam of genuine humour, or by the true flavour of refined satire; but the author does not mean to defame the Jews indiscriminately, for his portraiture of Mrs. Benjamin, the wise, high-principled, benevolent matron who saves Violet Moses from temptation to sin, is very fairly conceived, and is not unskillfully drawn. It need scarcely be explained that the temptation is that of conjugal infidelity, Mr. Leopold Moses, though a generous husband, being uncongenial to a mind of superior intellectual gifts. But we are surprised that the tempter should be that once innocent youth, Allan Morris, whom she might have wedded, if she had chosen, five years before, and who reappears as a brilliantly successful author, a relentless pursuer of the sex, a sentimental profligate, himself a freethinking Jew, ashamed to own his race. Of the two we should prefer Leopold Moses to Allan Morris, as the better man; and it is well that Violet, in a melodramatic scene, refuses Allan's dishonourable proposal to elope. It is an unpleasant novel, but the author has some literary power.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

We have reason to be grateful to Mr. George Saintsbury for his promised volume of Edmond Scherer's "Essays." A large proportion of English readers only know Scherer through Matthew Arnold's enthusiasm, and to know him thus is not to know him too favourably.

Messrs. Macmillan are about to produce an illustrated edition of John Richard Green's "Short History." It is curious that no attempt was ever made to illustrate the only history that could compare with Green in popularity—Macaulay's. As a rule, pictorial histories have not been of a character to commend themselves to Professor Freeman or Bishop Stubbs.

An *édition de luxe* of Carlyle's "French Revolution" is in the press of Porter and Coates of Philadelphia.

Messrs. Henry and Co.'s new series of their *Whitefriars Library* commences with a volume by Mr. Heuty, and another by Mr. R. C. Lehmann. Mr. Lehmann is a member of the *Punch* staff, and the author of one of the best descriptions of University life that has yet appeared—"Harry Fludyer at Cambridge." His new volume in the *Whitefriars Library* treats of the same subject.

A great many people are disappointed with Mr. R. Louis Stevenson's "Wrecker," now running in *Scribner's Magazine*. Should this prove the general verdict, it may serve as a warning to Mr. Stevenson, following, as it does, upon the volume of "Ballads," which was not received too heartily. Mr. Stevenson's experience tends to prove that "civilisation" is not an unimportant factor even in the production of the delightful romantic literature of which he is a master. The author of "Treasure Island" will have to come back to European life for fresh inspiration.

M. Paul Bourget, who has been away honeymooning in Southern Europe, has brought back with him a volume in manuscript, which will appear during the autumn under the title "Sensations d'Italie." The book is in three parts, to be severally called "Toscane," "Ombrie," and "Grande-Grèce." The author of "Mensonges" is also engaged in writing a play for the Théâtre Français, by special request of its director-manager, Jules Claretie.

M. Francisque Sarcey, the great French dramatic critic, is writing what may be styled his lecturing reminiscences. His literary *causeries* have been immensely successful in Belgium as well as in France, and large audiences listen religiously to his instructions as to what they ought or ought not to read. As M. Sarcey's lectures deal mainly with the new books and works of modern authors, his task is a delicate one. Imagine Mr. Andrew Lang criticising *à vive voix* Mr. Meredith, Mr. Besant, and Mr. Hardy's latest additions to English fiction! Often the French critic reads a page or two of his author's prose aloud to emphasise his explanations; but he finds it impossible to do this with Zola or Guy de Maupassant, owing to their somewhat elaborate and massive style. Daudet lends himself better than any other novelist to being "sliced." Even now people will flock to hear about Victor Hugo—indeed, poets are always popular, perhaps because verse lends itself to reading aloud, and can be more quickly criticised. M. Sarcey gives some practical advice to his brother lecturers. "Never," he says, "speak till your voice or your audience is getting tired. Avoid reading aloud long or dull passages, even if they express your thought; linger not on the sentimental, avoid dallying with sarcasm. A little sentiment and *moquerie* are both good in their place, but soon pall on the public." K.

NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS TO HAND.

"George Fife Angus: Father and Founder of South Australia," by Edwin Hodder. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
"The Cabinet Portrait Gallery," photographs by W. and D. Downey. Second series. (Cassell and Co.)
"That Pretty Little Horsebreaker," by Mrs. Edward Kennard. three vols. (F. V. White and Co.)
"The Web of the Spider," by H. B. Marriott Watson. (Hutchinson and Co.)
"Fourteen Years in Basutoland; A Sketch of African Mission Life," by John Widdicombe. (The Church Printing Company, 11, Burleigh Street, Strand.)
"South Africa, from Arab Domination to British Rule." Edited by R. W. Murray, of Capetown. (Stanford, Charing Cross.)
"The Redemption of Edward Strahan"; a Social Story, by W. J. Dawson. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
"The Dean's Daughter," by F. C. Phillips and Sidney Grundy. (Trischler and Co.)
"With Poet and Player," by W. Davenport-Adams. (Elliot Stock.)
"Christopher Marlowe: Outlines of his Life and Works," by J. G. Lewis. (W. W. Gibbings, 18, Bury Street, W.C.)
"History of Hampton Court Palace." Vol. III.: Orange and Guelph Times. By Ernest Law. (George Bell and Sons.)

ON A WORD OF PRAISE.

BY FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

Writing, the other day, of the resemblances to Greek form which modern poets would cast into their verse, Mr. Lang declared that they rarely succeeded at all in the endeavour. Among other poets he named Tennyson, who had not succeeded either, he thought; but that was not all he said. This well-equipped critic, equally strong and delicate, whose foible is that he would rather be seen chasing butterflies than labouring to show what is in him, added these words: "It is a modern hand which changes the brief sketch of the Lotos-Eaters into that immortal poem of the Laureate's, which we may pity the Greeks for never having heard."

More magnificent praise was never bestowed. Gratitude leaps up at the sound of it; I mean the gratitude of many of Tennyson's readers for a full expression, at last, of their own admiration for a splendid example of what English verse can be. Not very long ago a fashion arose among British bards and their reviewers to feel a superiority to Tennyson. A pretty poet no doubt; a piping shepherd sweetly musical, and author of several lyric pieces which the world would not willingly let die. But yet he was tame, bloodless, no master of mighty lines; and, above all, respectable to exasperation. That was about the time when young men of literary tastes, fresh from the Universities, talked much of Baudelaire and Alfred de Musset; about the time when the red star of

attempted what other noble poets feared to try; and we should be all the poorer had there been no such failures from perfection. But there is no room here to discuss these things; not enough, for example, to show to those who find too little of thought and the philosophies in Tennyson's sweet singing, that "The Two Voices" was the forerunner and is an epitome of half the philosophisings of the time. Take that piece, with hardly less than fifty more of one kind and another, and you will make up a great handful of a book, every page radiant with the beauty that Time never dims, and astir, as soon as looked at, with a stimulus that moves from unsounded depths, and which is never exhausted. For workmanship, if that be the right word, commend me to the poem which Mr. Lang has fitted with such memorable praise. It is not easy to honour poems as pictures and statues have been honoured, but there should be some way of crowning "The Lotos-Eaters" as the most perfect, the most speaking piece of rhythm in English poesy. Nowhere else is there such continuous and sustained meaning in the music, or rather no poem in which meaning and music draw each other to perfection so nearly. Pope's famous line of Alexandrine song, "Which like a wounded snake drags its slow length along," has been praised not above its deserts, but as if nothing like it could be found in our tongue. There are more than a hundred lines in the Choric Song of "The Lotos-Eaters"; dozens of them have the same merit, none are quite without it, and it makes of the whole a

JAPANESE DWARF TREES.

Among the characteristic features of a Chinese or Japanese garden are the dwarf forest trees, growing in ornamental pots or in a fancy rockery. Japanese horticulturists have perfected the curious art of forcing the largest kinds to take a miniature growth. The method is generally as follows: A cutting or seedling is planted in poor soil, on a stone, and is allowed very little water, so that the sap flows sparingly, and growth is very slow, causing a species of tree which might naturally, in favourable conditions, attain the height of 50 ft. or more, to grow only a few inches. Planted, however, in a shallow bit of soil, the roots necessarily grow much above the ground, producing the picturesque effect that is presented by many old trees. The gnarled trunk and twisted limbs are the result of great perseverance in bending, tying, and pinching out the head shoots. The main trunk is usually bent and tied on one side, to make it crooked; the branches are split and fastened back in different ways, causing them to hang over the pots as if with age; other shoots are twisted and bent spirally into various shapes, to give them an old appearance. All superfluous branches are cut off, and the points of those retained are pinched out to prevent them growing longer. Another way of producing the dwarf trees is by grafting. The trees which lend themselves most readily to the dwarfing process are the various species of firs and cedars; some fruit trees also are stunted, and actually, in that state, produce



JAPANESE FANCY GARDENING: A DWARF TREE IN THE ROCKERY.

Mr. Swinburne's muse blazed up from the horizon; and the fashion ran to such lengths for a while that there seemed some likelihood that Tennyson's last songs would be sung to the backs of the British public. Such things had happened before, and might very well happen again; and disgusting was the prospect. But the prospect has cleared. It began to clear some time ago, indeed; and when at eighty years Tennyson breathed out ("wrote" I do not choose to say) the lovely lines that speak of his going home, the last cloud of doubt and detraction was dispelled. When the time comes, he will "put out to sea" in all the glory that ever shone upon him; and though it seems that every man of genius must have his ups and downs in public taste, the last word of the next century about Tennyson will probably be the last word of this—namely, that he is one of the greatest poets that ever lived in England from Chaucer's time to his own.

What if everything in his books be not equal to the best? The best is no small portion of the whole, but a very great part of it: in bulk ten times as much as has given to other poets a seemingly deathless reputation, and no less excellent. And the wonder is that any reasonable mind (being also not ungenerous) should even the greatest achievements of any genius with the worst of his work, "strike an average," and so make an estimate of his worth. When character is considered this must be done as a matter of course; by which is meant that if (for example) George Herbert had written in some muddy mood a Restoration comedy as well as the poems we know him by, we should naturally judge of his character by both. But when faculty alone comes to judgment, then his highest attainment marks the poet's rightful place. If Tennyson's plays lack the true greatness of drama, he has given to literature so much the less that is truly great, but not less than if he had never

little universe of what is great in Pope's Alexandrine. Here are those exquisite lines—

Music that gentler on the spirit lies
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes,

which load with slumber the tongue that utters them. And following immediately after—

Here are cool mosses deep,
And through the moss the ivies creep,
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep.

Line after line has the same magic of rhythm, swaying to every variation of significance and adding meaning to meaning.

Lo! in the middle of the wood
The folded leaf is wood'd from out the bud
With winds upon the branch, and there
Grows green and broad and takes no care,
Sun-steeped at noon, and in the moon
Nightly dew-fed; and, turning yellow,
Floats and falls adown the air.
Lo! sweetened with the summer light,
The full-juiced apple, waxing over mellow,
Drops in a silent autumn night.

As the leaf floats and falls adown the air, so floats and falls the poet's verse. "Drops—in the silent autumn night": the full word falling as the apple does; the stillness marked before and after by the pausing rhythm. It is a wonder of excellence all through, though there are two lines I wish were not what they are; for to an ear jealous of any encroaching fault they seem almost to pass into travesty. And it is so, I think, that most poetry should be written—I mean in the varying unconstrained metre of "The Lotos-Eaters," which gives opportunity for these effects of meaning deepened by melody that no regular measure can offer, except in brief pieces like some that would give Tennyson a long, long life in the world's remembrance if they were all his fame depended on. But I have come to the end of my tether without range for remark on this point, which has a particular interest for the Wagnerite in music proper; if that is anything to the purpose, as perhaps it is.

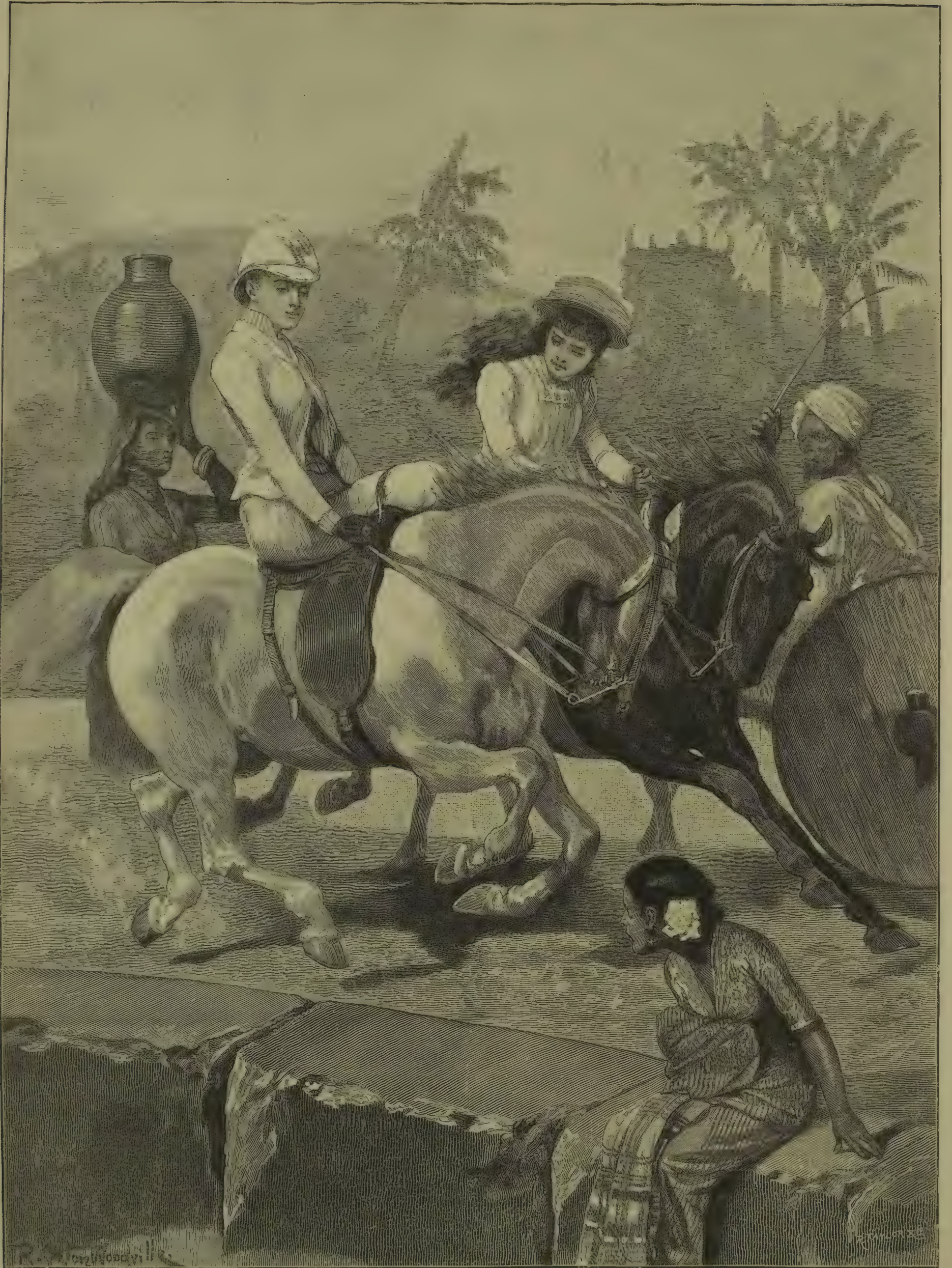
flowers and fruit. Japanese frequently have in their houses and conservatories groups of dwarf trees arranged in a miniature landscape, sometimes accompanied by a tiny lake with summer-houses, winding paths, and tiny figures fishing. Our illustration is taken from an English garden in Japan. The stunted cedar-tree here represented is probably about seventy years old, and has never been reduced in height; only the branches, measuring now 2 ft. or 3 ft., have been bent down, as described. Their effect is enhanced by the rockery, imitating wild mountain scenery, and by the small china figures of gnomes or elves.

Professor Tyndall has taken advantage of the recent fine weather to drive over the Hindhead district, and is slowly gaining strength.

The inhabitants of Albury, where the late Duchess of Northumberland passed many years of her life, have decided to erect a granite cross as a memorial of her benevolence.

Lord Lansdowne will leave Simla on Oct. 14, and will make a tour in Cashmere, a country which no Viceroy has hitherto visited. He will arrive at Calcutta about the end of November, and will probably visit Burmah, in January, but this is not absolutely settled.

It is well within memory how the excellent fire-protective system at Hampton Court Palace saved that interesting building and its yet more interesting contents from destruction by fire, and how, from the want of such a system, the Royal Palace at Laeken, the summer residence of the King of the Belgians, was destroyed without any of the officials being able to combat the flames. The firm which fitted up the fixed steam fire-engine and other appliances at Hampton Court—Messrs. Merryweather and Sons—has just received commands to supply their improved hydrants and fittings for the home of her Majesty the Queen of Holland at the Hague, carrying out a very complete system arranged by Captain de Wys, the head of the Hague Fire Department.



ANGLO-INDIAN LIFE: THE MORNING RIDE.



"IN THE BOUDOIR."—PICTURE BY CZACHORSKI.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANZ HANFSTAENGL, MUNICH.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON,

Australia, as most of my readers know, is a wonderful land, zoologically regarded. Not only is it a living realisation of what the rest of the world was like about the time of the Trias—that is, ages ago, geologically speaking—but to-day its mammals or quadrupeds present us with a very strange assortment of beasts. For the bulk of the native quadrupeds of Australia belong to the *Marsupial* or “pouched” order, whereof the kangaroo is the familiar representative. Only one family of pouched mammals, that of the true opossums, is found outside Australian territory, and they occur, as most folk know, in America. In addition to the pouched mammals themselves, we find in Australia the duck-billed water mole (*Ornithorhynchus*) and its companion, the porcupine ant-eater, or *Echidna*. These last are of a lower grade even than the marsupials, for they exhibit an amazing kinship with birds, both in respect of their skeletons and of other parts of their anatomy. But as both the true pouched mammals and the duck-mole and echidna possess the bones on which the pouch (when it is actually present) is supported, we may, without fear of correction, call all the native Australian quadrupeds “marsupials” in this sense.

Australia being thus a very peculiar zoological province in its way (I need say nothing here of the “why” of its peculiarities), the finding of a new marsupial animal in that territory may be fitly described in the language of Dr. Sclater, of the London Zoological Society, as “one of the most extraordinary discoveries in zoology made of late years.” Hence it will interest my readers to hear some details about this recent find. It has been called the new Australian marsupial mole, and rejoices, at present, in the baptismal appellation of *Notoryctes typhlops*. Dr. Sclater tells us that this animal was first captured by Mr. W. Coulthard, Manager of the Frew River Station belonging to the Willowie Pastoral Company. Other specimens are obtained on the Idraoura Station, which is related geographically to the great dry watercourse of the Finke River, whose distance from Adelaide is about a thousand miles. These animals do not appear to be very plentiful, and few of the natives recognised a well-executed drawing of the new form. Respecting the animal itself, it is said that “perpetual burrowing seems to be the characteristic feature of its life.” Such are the words of Professor E. C. Stirling, of Adelaide University. It burrows by aid of its conical snout, which is protected by a heavy shield, and by aid of its powerful scoop-like fore-claws. The hind limbs are used to throw the sand backwards, and as this debris falls in behind the animal, it leaves no record of its burrowings. After traversing some distance below ground, it emerges on the surface, and then descends once again. It makes no permanent burrow, evidently. I may add that a well-executed drawing of the new animal has been forwarded to Dr. Sclater, and may be seen at the library of the Zoological Society of London by anyone interested in this latest addition to the Australian fauna.

Strolling the other evening along the Parade at Brighton, I observed a peripatetic astronomer with his telescope, inviting the public to observe Jupiter, which was in a highly favourable position for observation. This reminded me of the old astronomer, with his telescope, who used to stand (he may be there still, I trust) in the Place Vendôme at Paris, inviting passers-by to view the glories of the heavens at twenty centimes per gaze. Jupiter, the astronomers tell us, is now in an excellent position for observing the great red spot, which, Mr. Denning tells us, has been visible for thirteen years. This spot seems to be a venerable feature of the planet, liable to variations in its hue. The colour changed from a brick-red (in 1878-81) in the central part of the spot, to a very light tint, its margin having exhibited a greater constancy as to its coloration. Now, says Mr. Denning, the spot seems recovering its prominence, though it does not present the distinctness of thirteen years gone by. Yet its tint is more distinctly pronounced than in the years 1884-5. Its centre is reddish once again. There are white spots to be seen near the equator of the planet, and it has been noticed that these spots show a declining speed of late years; the presumption being that the variations in the markings of Jupiter indicate oscillations of speed recurring at determined intervals. Jupiter is evidently a planet whose history, as far as we can know it, has yet to be much more thoroughly described.

Speaking of the planets reminds me of the legacy left by a lady in Pau to be applied as a reward to the person who shall succeed in establishing communication with the planets. This legacy, placed, I believe, under the control of a scientific society, has been left in all seriousness by the testatrix, but it remains to be seen whether its terms may be applied to include research of a less hopeful character, as things are, than is involved in the idea of planetary messages. Jules Verne long ago described in scientific detail how the moon could be reached—theoretically, of course—but it would scarcely pay us to endeavour to reach that burnt-out cinder of a satellite. Now, Mars is a planet in which we all feel a deep interest, because it is so like our own earth. Romance has not left Mars out of consideration. “Mr. Stranger’s Sealed Packet” is a book which, if I remember aright, described a voyage to Mars successfully carried out. I have always sympathised with those who regret the limitations of human science as regards interplanetary communication. Hence the old lady who left the legacy in Pau has my “profound consideration,” as her countrymen put it, and she may have intuitively (like her sex) been looking ahead some generations in science for results. Alas! we will not “be there to see.”

At the International Congress of Hygiene, a paper was read on straight, or “up-and-down” writing as distinguished from the sloping method frequently taught in our schools. The writer of the paper, of course, advocated straight writing, and of late others have followed in his wake. Is there any reason why we should not write straight? The only answer I can give personally to this question is that it is easier for me to write slopingwise—only that may be matter of habit, and nothing more, when all is said and done. But I am not so pronounced a sloping writer as some persons, and I observe in the writing of children nowadays, and I am glad to say of girls especially, a tendency to the straight writing which is regarded as physiologically better, because less productive of strain in eyes and position of body. Straight writing is easier to read than sloping writing—certain people I know write in nondescript fashion, and their caligraphy resembles the results of spiders having tumbled into their ink-bottles, and subsequently marched across their writing-paper. I agree thoroughly with the maxim that the end of all writing is legibility, often as I may personally puzzle the printers and my correspondents. Meanwhile, let us go in for straight up-and-down writing. Will some fashionable person set the example? It will be an easier matter to alter our caligraphy thuswise than to abolish the tail silk hat.

MARLOWE MEMORIAL AT CANTERBURY.

The memorial of Christopher Marlowe, which was unveiled by Mr. Henry Irving at Canterbury on Sept. 16, is rather a belated tribute to one of the great historic figures in our literature. Mr. Irving said with justice that it is some discredit to Englishmen that the man who was the first to give organic form to the great instrument of blank verse should have been left so long without one of those trophies for triumphal show which are the outward and visible signs of public recognition. True, Marlowe has been completely overshadowed by Shakspeare, and it is not likely that “Tamburlaine the Great,” “Edward II.,” “Dr. Faustus,” and “The Jew of Malta” will be restored to the stage. But as one of the makers of English diction Marlowe holds a very high place, and, moreover, there are in his writings such touches of the quality which is called the modern spirit as may be fairly termed prophetic. To the Renaissance Marlowe doubtless owed that quickening of vision which emancipated him from some of the grosser superstitions of his age, and made his Mephistophilis in “Dr. Faustus” a spiritual figure of Evil which anticipated the thought of one of the master minds of our own century. It has been said that Marlowe can be read only in extracts; but people whose curiosity about this poet has been excited by the celebration at Canterbury will probably be surprised by the modern ring of much of his verse, and may find the volume of his plays anything but laborious reading. “Tamburlaine” is, for the most part, magnificent bombast; but the first act of “The Jew of Malta” has a strength and simplicity quite worthy of Shakspeare’s workmanship. In “Hero and Leander,” there are many couplets in which an exquisite fancy is phrased with the most finished art, and scarcely marred by the laboured conceits which were characteristic of the period. None of Shakspeare’s contemporaries possessed this combined strength and delicacy in a greater degree; and among the masters of the English language Marlowe has the distinction of having sounded the prelude of the organ notes which, as Mr. Irving said, have come “pealing through the centuries” in Shakspeare’s verse. No happier symbol of Marlowe’s poetry than Mr. Onslow Ford’s beautiful



MEMORIAL OF CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE AT CANTERBURY.

figure of the Muse could have been devised. It may be hoped that modern Canterbury pilgrims will be sufficiently impressed by the Marlowe Memorial to supply the funds needed for its completion. The figures in relief on the base are not yet finished; but for one of them, that of Tamburlaine, Mr. Onslow Ford has been making some studies of Mr. Irving’s head.

The Queen has appointed Mr. Marmaduke Strickland Constable to be Consul for the Eastern Coast of Sweden, to reside at Stockholm; Mr. Edward Blencowe Gould to be Consul at Port Said; and Mr. Godfrey Courage to be Vice-Consul for the Portuguese Territories to the south of the Zambesi. Her Majesty has also approved of M. Léon Dosogne as Belgian Consul-General at Calcutta; of Mr. George E. Cook as Liberian Consul at Swansea; of M. Flaudin as French Vice-Consul at Aden; of Mr. B. L. Nairn as Belgian Vice-Consul at Dundee; and of Mr. A. Folero as Greek Vice-Consul at Sydney, New South Wales.

Of the four presidents which the London Library has had since 1841, the most conspicuously original, Mr. Harrison, the librarian, says, was Carlyle, who often visited the library. His conversation was most amusing, full of extravagant statements, and always ending with a loud laugh, apparently at himself. He used the library books extensively for his later works, and was guilty of the reprehensible practice of writing in the margin of the books. His remarks were never meaningless, but chiefly consisted of corrections of date or errors in the text. One remark of his, however, is a criticism. It occurs in Charles Dibdin’s collection of songs, the last page of which contains the ordinary version of “Rule Britannia.” At the foot of this boastful song Carlyle wrote “Cock-a-doodle-doo!” with a small forest of notes of exclamation after it.

Newfoundlanders cannot apparently quite make up their minds as to what would be an ideal future for the colony. Three courses are open: annexation to the United States; confederation with Canada; or the maintenance of the present isolated situation, awaiting the time when the colony will be strong enough to stand alone. That the colony will for a very long time to come be able to think seriously of independence, very few believe. In her disputes with France she needs very sorely the help of someone stronger than herself. Whether that someone shall be Canada or the United States is a constant topic of debate in the public Press, and the *Telegram*, the Government organ at St. John’s, goes so far as to declare that were a plebiscite taken to-morrow annexation to the States would be carried by a majority of at least two thirds of the people. No doubt, however, the Opposition paper would say as much of confederation.

NEW MUSIC FROM METZLER’S.

High up in the list of our leading musical firms stands that of Metzler and Co., 42, Great Marlborough Street, whose publications are invariably characterised by taste and excellence no less than a keen perception of the public requirements in the direction of popular music. The batch of new pieces we have just received from this house is not a very extensive one, and most likely does not represent more than a small portion of the novelties Messrs. Metzler are preparing for the coming autumn and winter season. Nevertheless, it includes some very useful and interesting *morceaux*. First, we have two compositions by Benjamin Godard—a lovely little song entitled “Chanson d’Avril,” with French words by Charles d’Orléans, and English version by Mary Chater. Sopranos and tenors cannot fail to find satisfaction in this song. It is replete with daintiness and melodic charm, and the accompaniment is simple yet effective. The same composer’s “Sous Bois” is a highly attractive piece for pianoforte. It commences with a soft dreamy melody in the key of A flat major, which later on modulates with stirring passion into the key of C sharp minor. Though somewhat difficult, this piece will repay diligent study, and ought always to make effect if played with a proper appreciation of its wild and romantic character. “Les Papillons” is a song by A. Goring Thomas, which was published by this firm in an earlier collection of the composer’s lyrics. It is bright and pretty, and will be warmly welcomed in its new form. The French words are by Théophile Gautier, and translation by Theo. Marzials. “The Story of our Love” is a song by Mr. Edward Cutler, the eminent Q.C., whose musical attainments as composer, pianist, and organist are well known. Mr. Cutler being, indeed, grand organist of the English Freemasons for the present year, and the first amateur that has ever filled that honoured post. “The Story of our Love” (words by Re Henry) is a good song with a sufficient amount of sentiment and tuneful charm to make it popular. Two light and easy pianoforte pieces for drawing-room performance are an intermezzo entitled “Miriam,” by Celia Kottaun, and an intermezzo, “Osmunda,” by Warwick Williams. These are equally effective and bright. A waltz which is refreshingly original and pretty, is one entitled “Lotus-Eaters,” composed by Mrs. Blackstock, and dedicated to the Countess of Kintore. This should become one of the most popular waltzes of the season. “Indian Summer,” a taking waltz by Caroline Lowthian, most attractively printed, with a picture cover. Metzler’s “Christmas Album of Dance Music for 1891,” published at the reasonable price of one shilling, is, as usual, full of the best pieces, and contains P. Bucalossi’s waltz on Lawrence Kellie’s pretty song “Douglas Gordon,” Edward Rayner’s “Carnival Lancers,” C. H. R. Marriott’s “Maid Marian Waltz,” J. C. Cassidy’s “Shillelagh Quadrille,” J. P. Clarke’s “Tandem Galop,” Charles Coote’s “Nell Gwynne Polka,” Lutman’s “Fitzclarence Schottische,” Charles Deacon’s “Leaves and Flowers Waltz,” William Smallwood’s “Little Blue Eyes Polka,” L. Beck’s “London Scottish Caledonians,” and a few reels and country dances. These are also arranged for violin solo, and published at sixpence net.

The songs of Lawrence Kellie always claim careful notice, and, if of unequal merit, they are seldom lacking in that distinctive style which forms a special charm for the admirers of this young singer and composer. Messrs. Metzler, if we are not mistaken, were the first publishers to recognise promise in Mr. Lawrence Kellie’s compositions, and by this time they have doubtless reaped the rich reward of their enterprise in taking up the comparatively unknown musician. “Douglas Gordon” alone must have brought them a valuable harvest, and in that case at least Mr. Kellie proved himself capable of writing a song full of true Scottish character, while marked by decided originality of treatment and felicitous expression. We now have before us two songs from the same pen, but neither of them in the same vein. One, “A Winter Love Song,” is already pretty well known. It is a tasteful and effective setting of graceful erotic stanzas, written by Mowbray Marras, the accompaniment being sycopated throughout. This is published in four keys, and dedicated to the composer’s “dear friend, F. Paolo Tosti.” The other, entitled “Last Night in Dreamland,” words by Ray Lotinga, can boast a suave and flowing melody, with a simple yet elegant accompaniment, which, as in the case of “A Winter Love Song,” remains unvaried from first to last. Both should prove telling, if not popular, in the drawing-room.

Numbers 16 and 17 of the *American Organ Journal* do full credit to its editor, that able and experienced musician Mr. J. Munro Coward. No. 16 is full of good compositions, and contains four excerpts from Mendelssohn’s “Athalie”; a “Theme,” by Schumann; a “Sketch,” by H. M. Higgs; and “The shades of evening close around,” by F. Clay. No. 17 contains pieces by Hiller, Mendelssohn, Jungmann, Lange, Cotford Dick, and Raff.—No. 14 of Metzler’s “Red Album” of vocal and instrumental music contains six celebrated marches for pianoforte playing, by Mendelssohn, Gounod, Chopin, and Wagner. This is a marvel of cheapness for the price of one shilling.—A useful and inexpensive little collection is Metzler’s “Book of Melodies for the Violin,” each melody being so arranged that it may be performed as a solo without accompaniment. There are in all twelve pieces, including some of the most popular tunes of the day. They are not difficult, and therefore can be highly recommended to amateur violinists.

“A Song of Praise,” for solo, chorus, and small orchestra, by Arthur Somervell. This is dedicated by permission to H.R.H. Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), and was composed for the opening of the Westmoreland Arts and Crafts Exhibition at Kendal, 1891. The words are adapted from Psalms cxlvii, civ, cvii. It is well written throughout, the soprano solo, “Lord, how wondrous are Thy works,” being especially full of melodious charm. We have now almost reached the end of the music sent from this house, and there only remains to speak of a couple of songs by Reginald de Koven—a charming, dainty little “Gavotte in Grey,” with pretty words by F. E. Weatherly, and a passionate ballad entitled “The Mistress of my Heart,” with words also by F. E. Weatherly; two pleasing songs, “For Eternity” and “Love’s Dial,” by Mrs. Harding Cox; and a song by Minnie Cochrane, words by Ethel M. de Fonblanque, entitled “One Word,” well written and suitable for contralto.

Mr. Frederic H. Cowen’s new song, “What do the green leaves whisper?” is not in his customary high-class style, but it is poetical and musically, and it has an attractive refrain. The words are by Clifton Bingham; in two keys. It is published by Boosey and Co., which firm also sends “Sweet Silence,” a taking waltz with a picture cover, by Ernest Bucalossi.—“Where Norah Dwells,” a pretty tenor song by Frank L. Moir to words of F. E. Weatherly.—“Winter’s Song,” duet in canon for equal voices, by Theo. Marzials, being No. 2 of songs from Shakspeare for two voices—a dainty, bright little piece.—“A Race for Life,” good baritone song by J. L. Molloy.—“Shadow Town,” a restful lullaby, words by L. D. Rice, music by Susan Trew—suitable for soprano.

WITH THE STAGHOUNDS IN THE QUANTOCKS.

BY EDMUND GOSSE.

Everybody knows that the hunting of the wild red-deer is actively pursued on Exmoor, but it is not everyone who is aware that the Devon and Somerset Hunt possesses an appendage, a sort of Crown colony, in the Quantock Hills. If we glance at the map of Somersetshire, we see that the county consists of a singularly fertile plain, broken at intervals by narrow parallel ranges of hills, all running to the sea in a north-westerly direction. Of these the most elevated, and by far the most picturesque, is the one which lies farthest west, and which forms a wall from Taunton to the Bristol Channel, insulating the plain of Bridgewater. This is the range of the Quantock Hills, divided from the rounded buttresses of Exmoor proper by a rolling country, which contains a few eminences, not sufficient to prevent the line of the Quantocks from appearing from all points on the eastern side of Exmoor like a solid and noble wall of mimic mountain.

Here it was, on the north-western extremity of the Quantocks, overlooking the sea, that Wordsworth and his sister settled in 1797. Coleridge was near them in his cottage at Nether Stowey, and as the elder poet reminds the younger, in the fourteenth book of "The Prelude"—

Upon smooth-Quantock's airy ridge we roved
Unchecked, or loitered 'mid their sylvan combs.

If two peripatetic dreamers of their kind should now inhabit Stowey and Alfoxden, they could not record their wanderings on the "airy ridge" above their homes without some reference to the meets of the staghounds, nor their loiterings in the sylvan combs without an allusion to a harpist at his quiet work, or to the pack of tall hounds running slowly into cover. But there are no such touches of picturesque sport in the poems or letters of Coleridge and Wordsworth, so far as I am able to discover; and there was probably no stag-hunting in the Quantocks while the poets were living there. In 1798 Colonel Bassett was Master of the Hounds, as a distinguished member of the same family is to-day. We have no record of his adventures, but this seems to have been a slack time in the Exmoor hunting. In later years it is certain that the stag was sometimes run on to the Quantocks from Haddon, in Exmoor, and killed in the ferny combs under Wilsneck. It seems to be a question whether there were any wild deer on the hills in Wordsworth's time.

By collecting the scattered references to sport on the Quantocks which occur in the Hon. John Fortescue's admirable "Records of Stag-hunting on Exmoor," we gather that soon after the renovation of the hunting, and the creation of the present Devon and Somerset pack of staghounds in 1855, Mr. Bisset, the Master whose memory lives so vividly in the hearts of all Exmoor sportsmen, conceived the notion of preserving the deer for hunting on the Quantock Hills. It is amusing to learn that one of his main reasons was the hope of greater privacy, the opening meets at Cloutsham having become a nuisance with their rag-tag and bob-tail of the field. It is this very lack of distinction which now prompts the severest critics of the Quantock meets. In November 1861, Mr. Bisset, in the face of great opposition, instituted the preservation of the hills. At that time the stock of deer was very scanty, and could not be considered truly wild. Mr. Bisset began to transport to the Quantocks young animals captured on Exmoor, and in 1865 the Quantock hunting became a regular institution. Twenty years passed, and it was Mr. Bisset himself who urged the abandonment of the Quantocks. The privacy he had rejoiced in was all gone, and Triscombe Stone was as crowded as Cloutsham had ever been. It was a tremendous labour, too, to bring the hounds thirty miles from kennels.

Yet there were found defenders of the Quantocks, and Mr. Bisset himself, in a more hopeful mood, came over to their side. The great difficulty of the preservation of the deer on Exmoor has, indeed, been settled in a happy sense: no longer are hinds found bleeding to death with a poacher's bullet in them, as was so often the case a generation ago. Exmoor has learned to be proud of its noble institution, and every farmer and labourer is on the side of the hunt. But the Quantock Hills remain easier to preserve, and the knowing declare that they present a richer feeding-ground for the deer. At present the Quantock hunting is a sort of secondary thing—an ornamental branch of the main stag-hunt. Two weeks in the year are given to it—one for the stags, the other for the hinds. The pack on these interesting occasions meets on the very saddle of the range, where its narrow back broadens for a moment, either above Crowcombe, or at Quantox Farm, or by preference at Triscombe Stone. No spot in the West of England combines within so small an area so many of the elements of mountain beauty. Few high lands present a more exquisite desolation, a more fresh and delicate solitude, than these heathery summits lifted so daintily and airily above the common plain. The genius of the Quantocks should be represented as a tall and distinguished girl of fifteen, riding erect upon her mountain pony.

Let us suppose that on a brisk September morning, after travelling eastward on horseback or on wheels, we find ourselves about half past ten in the sequestered village of Crowcombe, with the dun-coloured thatch and whitewashed walls of its ancient cottages relieved against the high background of damp and verdant foliage. Around the well-preserved antiquity of its village-cross, Crowcombe clusters, slumbering still underneath its glowing coverlet of asters and dahlias, its mignonettes and pinks and sweet peas, with here and there the shaft of a heavy rose-coloured or creamy hollyhock starting from the many-tinted carpet of rich blossom. We climb the hill, and now from every side-lane there begin to join us men on horseback, wandering boys, parties of enthusiastic girls on foot, a stray carriage here, or cart there, all gathering in the same direction, moving towards the steep lane that leads out of the fragrant and breathless valley on to the moor. Once arrived on the hills, a startling change awaits us. The velvety lawns, the deep billows of coppice upon coppice suddenly give way to the naked tableland of the Quantocks, and to a wind that gathers a mountain odour from millions of crisp and scented bells of the heather.

We are just in time. It is not yet quite eleven, and only an enthusiastic knot of hunters have reached the field. But over the hills, from east and south and west, caravans of men and horses, boys and carriages are streaming, the three tides of

pilgrimage setting towards the popular little Mecca from Bridgewater and from Taunton and from Dunster. The covers of Crowcombe Court are below us, and, as the moment of the meet arrives, from their temporary kennels there the pack appears. All we see at first is the flash of scarlet through the fern, and a multitude of waving tails, all carried in the same curve. Then the huntsman rides out, and the hounds follow, the tall creatures looking almost gigantic to an eye accustomed to ordinary foxhounds; the whip, also in scarlet, is at their heels. From a distance of a hundred yards the meet, now formed, but not yet overcrowded, assumes a most picturesque appearance. The Master arrives from Crowcombe, and the three vermilion figures—the only three allowed to ride in pink, unless Sir Alexander Hood should himself be present—form, in company with the black-and-yellow cluster of the hounds, a nucleus of colour. Around them surges the ever-increasing flood of the field, the three streams continuing to pour over the moor and into the meet, until the dip at the summit of the hills is full to the brim and overflows, an amazing pool of variegated humanity gathered there in the very centre of solitudes. There is a charming cordiality throughout. One sees none of the petulance which sometimes marks a meet in the central counties when the Master thinks the field too crowded; and yet one fancies that the excessive bustle on the hills can be anything but helpful to the hunt.

The harpist, we must suppose, has found out the night before where a good stag is lying, and has told the huntsman where to draw for him. But the hunt is not likely to begin so promptly as the novice hopes. The appearance of the whips with the pack is only a parade. The first thing to be done is to take all the hounds quietly away and shut them up, selecting three pairs, or sometimes four, to be what are called "tufters." Off gallops the whip, and the huntsman with his "tufters" disappears. These are the mysteries of the hunt, and the field waits in patience till it hears the horn and knows that the stag is found. This process often takes hours, and no one must be disappointed if it leads to nothing. Who knows but that at five o'clock in the afternoon, in some remote dingle on the old Taunton road, far away from Master and huntsman and whip, two or three gentlemen, the residue of the exhausted field, may not cut the stag's throat, and leave him there? It may be that, tired of the cheerful local chatter of the field, tired of hours spent in watching the mists unveil the purple crest of Wilsneck, and then drown it, and then withdraw again, we determine to turn at last northward. In a few moments we



STAG-HUNTING: LAYING ON THE "TUFTERS."

are utterly alone again, on the romantic backbone of the hills, descending past the cairns of Doucebury to the poets' country, to the bare street of Nether Stowey, to the beautiful terraces of Alfoxden. While we walk in Wordsworth's glen, under Wordsworth's trees, the sound of the horn will reach us when the stag is found. We may yet hurry on to St. Audries, to be in at the death, or we may stretch our lazy lengths under the tree where Coleridge read to Hazlitt the manuscript of "Peter Bell."

THE KEY-BOARD.

Five-and-thirty black slaves,
Half-a-hundred white,
All their duty but to sing
For their Queen's delight,
Now with throats of thunder,
Now with dulcet lips,
While she rules them royally
With her finger-tips!

When she quits her palace,
All the slaves are dumb—
Dumb with dolour till the Queen
Back to Court is come:
Dumb the throats of thunder,
Dumb the dulcet lips,
Lacking all the sovereignty
Of her finger-tips.

Dusky slaves and pallid,
Ebon slaves and white,
When the Queen was on her throne
How you sang to-night!
Ah, the throats of thunder!
Ah, the dulcet lips!
Ah, the gracious tyrannies
Of her finger-tips!

Silent, silent, silent,
All your voices now;
Was it then her life alone
Did your life endow?
Waken, throats of thunder!
-Waken, dulcet lips!
Touched to immortality
By her finger-tips.—WILLIAM WATSON.

NOTES ON SPORT.

Southampton has just witnessed the absolute end of the yacht-racing season. The larger vessels have been laid up for nearly a month, except those few who are to have some weeks' quiet cruising after the toil and bustle of match-sailing is concluded. For the owners of such, an unusually warm September has done much to atone for the shortcomings of August. But the little raters are ill adapted to cruising, and their enthusiastic skippers seem to know no surfeit of racing. These small fry have lately grown so numerous and popular, both in the Solent and in the Clyde, that the Yacht Racing Association finds that distinct legislation is essential for craft smaller than the 5-rater. But it is not yet decided whether a special committee of the Y.R.A. will suffice, or whether it will be necessary to form a distinct association to rule over the mosquito fleet.

Windfall, champion 5-rater for 1891, with a record of twenty-one first prizes and a dozen others, has been sold, Mrs. Schenley, her accomplished steerswoman and owner, having decided to try a 20-rater next season. This popular size has also captivated Lord Dunraven, whose present intention is to race the famous Valkyrie no more, though she is not as yet announced for sale. A big boat cannot be sailed successfully without the tyranny of a racing skipper, and Lord Dunraven, no doubt, longs for liberty. The 20-rater class especially needs new blood, for Dragon has had everything her own way during the past season. Unless some new big boat be built during the coming winter, the "exceeding a rating of 40" class must perforce cease to exist, for Maid Marion has admitted the superiority of Iverna, and no longer cares to try conclusions with her. The 40-rater class, however, should be well represented, seeing that at least three new boats are to be designed in hope of wresting the supremacy from Thalia.

Both cub-hunting and partridge-shooting have hitherto suffered severely from the lateness of the harvest, which is even now not entirely gathered in some parts of England and Ireland. Capital reports as to the prospects of sport come from the Leicestershire district, where the Quorn Puppy Show took place a few days ago with all the usual enthusiasm. Grouse-shooting is still going on in the North, nor is driving invariably a necessity. The fishing season is drawing rapidly to a close, but sport in many places remains of excellent quality.

Two initial coursing meetings have taken place at Haydock Park and at Purdysburn, near Belfast. At the former 131 puppies accepted out of 238 entries for the Produce Stakes, but the quantity seemed barely equalled by the quality, though it must be remembered that the weather was excessively hot and, no doubt, demoralising. Colonel North, with three acceptances, commenced with nine wins, and had one representative—Needham—among the five dividers. His Young Fullerton was one of the pair who divided the September Stakes. The thrice-famous Fullerton has gone to the stud, and will not attempt the Waterloo Cup again. At the Belfast meeting, Mr. W. H. Smith and Mr. T. Graham carried nearly everything before them, the latter winning two stakes outright.

Despite a warm September, football has begun unusually early even in the South of England and among amateurs. Already the professional element has shown its mischievous lack of proper discipline: in an important match at Glasgow between Everton and Queen's Park, several members of the former team, and even their own umpire, insulted the referee on the field by criticising his decision, the referee being no less a personage than Mr. George Snedden, President of the Scottish Football Association. On Sept. 19 Aston Villa, probably the strongest team this year, defeated Preston North End by a goal to nothing, and a crowd of 16,000 spectators witnessed Blackburn Rovers beaten by Everton by three goals to one. The Canadian team, who still lack combination, though individually excellent, especially in their defence, succumbed after an even game to Middlesbrough. Royal Arsenal, the solitary exponents of professional football in the South of England, were beaten somewhat easily by Gainsborough Trinity. It would seem that the material purchased must be too raw, and not sufficiently costly, to enable Arsenal to hold its own even with second-rate Northern professional teams.

The meeting of the Rugby Union the other day was of supreme interest, and consequently very largely attended, the delegates from the North needing a special train. Except as to one rejected proposal, that the annual meetings should be held in London and Yorkshire alternately, instead of always in London, feeling was entirely unanimous. Professionalism, which, in the North, has come near to insinuating itself into Rugby football, was effectually scotched for ever. Henceforth a player will not be able to change his club, or county, without obtaining due permission; thus the importation of players is rendered impossible. Also, taking warning by the existing ill-disciplined condition of affairs under the Association code, the Union decreed that no league should ever be formed without the consent of the parent body, and further that any such amalgamation might be disbanded at any time. Then a new system of scoring was adopted in order that the four Unions of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales might again be unanimous as to this important detail.

Seldom has there been a finer-bred colt than Orme, who, on Saturday, Sept. 26, makes his third appearance in public at Manchester. Son of Ormonde and Angelica (who is own sister to St. Simon), he includes among his more immediate progenitors such famous performers as Bend Or and Galopin, Doncaster, Macaroni, Voltigeur, and The Flying Dutchman. Unquestionably he is the finest two-year-old that has been seen as yet during the present season, showing magnificent action and abundant bone and size. It will no doubt disappoint the Duke of Westminster should Orme fail to continue his unbeaten record, but he will meet in the Lancaster Plate such older champions as Signorina, Peter Flower, Martagon, Alicante, and, possibly, Surefoot, wherefore his defeat need carry no disgrace.

We are on the eve of the First October Meeting, telling of the approaching end of the flat-racing season. Far off, however, as still are the Cesarewitch and the Cambridgeshire, an extraordinarily large amount of wagering is said to have already taken place as to their results. In some ways this return to the more ancient method of betting is commendable, for, while it shows an increased confidence in the straightforwardness of jockeys and trainers, it also tends to diminish the pernicious practice of venturing large sums on unimportant races a few hours prior to their decision.

THE ROYAL NAVAL ENGINEERING COLLEGE.

This institution, which occupies a building at Devonport, on the Saltash Road, at the north-east corner of Keyham Dockyard, affords special advantages, under the amended regulations of the present Board of Admiralty, to candidates for the "Civil Branch" of the Royal Navy in the capacity of engineers. As the "Military Branch" has its training-school for naval cadets, H.M.S. Britannia at Dartmouth; its two gunnery schools, H.M.S. Excellent at Portsmouth and H.M.S. Cambridge at Devonport; and its torpedo-schools, H.M.S. Vernon at Portsmouth and H.M.S. Defiance at Devonport, so the "Civil Branch" has its training college for engineers at Devonport, as well as that for surgeons at Haslar Hospital, Portsmouth.

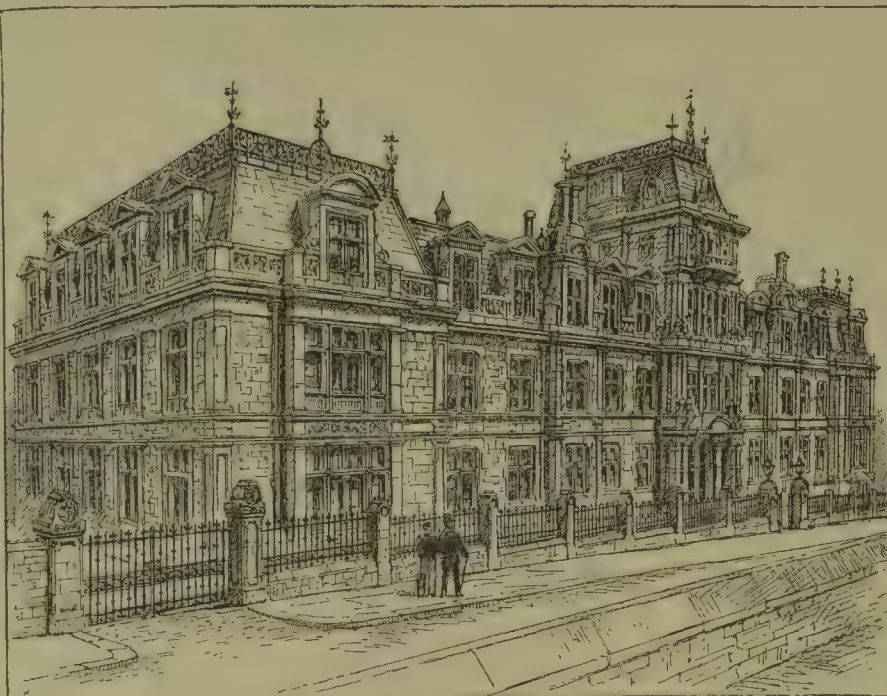
The number of students provided for in the Royal Naval Engineering College is a hundred and fifty. They all wear naval uniform, and become members of the Royal Navy on their admission; the rank of an engineer student corresponds with that of a naval cadet. As regards discipline, these students are under the orders of the Admiral Superintendent of the Dockyard, Sir Robert Molyneux, and are directly ruled by Commander Morrish, R.N., who resides at the college. The head master is Professor A. Mason Worthington, M.A., an old Rugbyian, and of Trinity College, Oxford, where he graduated in the School of Natural Science; he was some years an assistant master of Clifton College, there gaining the respect and affection of his pupils. He is a fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society, and is author of "Physical Laboratory Practice," which has passed two editions, and is a contributor of important scientific papers to the Royal Society.

Life at the Royal Naval Engineering College much resembles life at the best public schools; but the theoretical teaching is limited to about two hours a day. The other part of the instruction is suggested by our illustration of the interior of one of the large Government workshops in Keyham Dockyard, where the students are trained in practical engineering by Staff-Engineer C. Lane, under the control of the Superintendent of the Dockyard. A small percentage of their number are allowed to devote part of their time to the special study of naval construction, or, as it used to be called, "naval architecture." These students practically forego any prospect of active sea-service. Their ultimate aim is,

after passing three years at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, to become members of the "Royal Corps of Naval Constructors," which supplies the Admiralty with the officials in that line at the Government Dockyards, both at home and abroad, and from which have been selected the Director of Naval Construction and Assistant Controller of the Navy,

end of twenty-four years' service he will be receiving £401 10s. a year (exclusive of other allowances); and he may retire with a pension of £400 a year when he is fifty years of age.

It will be seen that, in view of the common problem, "what to do with our boys," parents and guardians may wisely turn their attention to the Royal Naval Engineering College. The age for entry is fourteen to seventeen; and as the ages of the students there range from fourteen to twenty-two, it may well be understood that in such exercises as boating, cricket, and football the picked men compare favourably with those of many University teams. Swimming is, of course, a favourite pastime; indeed, it is compulsory on those who hope for appointments when they leave the college. An excellent little college magazine is edited by the students, entitled the *Royal Naval College Annual*, which contains a diary of the interesting events of the year, detailed accounts of athletic and gymnastic sports, boating, and billiards, as well as competitions in gunnery and musketry, literary essays, and occasional bursts of poetry. The institution, of comparatively recent growth, has been entrusted to good hands, and is now in an excellent condition.



THE ROYAL NAVAL ENGINEERING COLLEGE, DEVONPORT.

the Director of Dockyards, and the Engineer-in-Chief at the Admiralty.

With good health and conduct, and with fair abilities, therefore, a student may look forward either to some desirable post at the Admiralty, or to becoming a Chief Inspector of Machinery. This rank in the Navy corresponds with that of Colonel in the Army. Even the much lower grade of Chief Engineer, which most engineers look forward to before the age of forty, ranks with that of Major in the Army. The pay of such an officer is £237 5s. a year, with a considerable addition, in the shape of "charge money," whenever he is in actual charge of a ship, whether in commission or not. At the

The list of British exhibits at the Tasmanian Exhibition has now become full and representative of arts and manufactures. Noticeable among recent additions are six pianos by Collard and Collard, of 16, Grosvenor Street, the cases of which are made of very handsome Tasmanian woods. This departure is likely to bring these woods into notice and general use here, and so to be of great value to the colony in promoting its timber trade.

Lord Knutsford must apparently make up his mind to be worried for some time longer over the Transatlantic copyright question. The correspondence which has just been presented to the Dominion Parliament shows that the Canadian Government has no intention of leaving matters as they are. Sir John Thompson, the Dominion Minister of Justice, still maintains that the Canadian Copyright Act of 1889 is *intra vires* of the Dominion Parliament, and he claims the royal assent, despite the criticisms of the Copyright Committee of the English Society of Authors. If the Imperial Parliament fails to legislate during the ensuing session, the Dominion Parliament must, he says, present an address to her Majesty.



NAVAL ENGINEERING STUDENTS IN THE WORKSHOP AT KEYHAM DOCKYARD.



PRISON LIFE IN SIBERIA: WOMEN VISITING THE PRISON AT IRKUTSK.

SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. JULIUS M. PRICE.

IRKUTSK TO KIAKHTA AND THE MONGOL FRONTIER.

SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN SIBERIA, MR. JULIUS M. PRICE.



A STREET IN KIAKHTA.



LIESTVENITZ, WITH LAKE BAIKAL FROZEN.

I had the choice of two roads from Moufshkaya, after crossing Lake Baikal on the ice: one, the regular Government post road, which passed through Verchni Udinsk, and then branches off to the frontier; the other, a private track made by the merchant princes of Kiakhta, which goes straight there without touching at any town, saving at least two days' journey. This road, I had been informed, could be used without any special permission, so, after my recent experiences of Siberian posting, I did not hesitate, especially as I had been told that the "Kupetski track," or merchants' route, was by far the more picturesque, while Verchni Udinsk and the few scattered villages on the post road offered the usual monotony of Siberian travel, which I knew only too well. I was well repaid for my choice, for not only did the road pass through some magnificent mountain and forest scenery, but the post-houses, with only two exceptions, were better than I had usually found on the Government roads. For many miles after leaving the lake the road passed through a narrow gorge with high mountains and dense pine forest on either side. Night was coming on, and in the deepening gloom around me, whence issued the sound of a rushing torrent, the effect was very weird. Here the snow lay thick, so there was no doubt about the practicability of sledging, and we got along very well; but we did not reach the next post-house till it was quite dark. After but a very short delay, just to get fresh horses, I started again, but we shortly after had a slight accident. One of the horses somehow got out of the track and fell into a deep hole full of snow. The other two sagacious animals fortunately had the sense to stop, or we might have had an awkward time

had they started kicking. The yemshik, or driver, was evidently used to these incidents, but when the horse was got out, I decided to wait in the next post-house till daybreak, as the road seemed to get darker and more uneven. Reaching the station, however, one look was sufficient; it was so infested with cockroaches and other vermin that rather than spend the night in it I determined to push on at all hazards. After leaving this place, the road appeared to get more sandy and with less snow on it; so in order to make it easier for his horses the yemshik followed a narrow track leading right through the forest. I soon fell asleep till I was awakened by the man calling to me to get up. At first I thought we had reached the next station, but on looking round I saw we were in a sort of clearing in the very depths of the forest. It was snowing so thickly at the time that one could scarcely make out anything a few yards distant. I jumped out, and the yemshik explained to me that he had lost his way and had somehow got the sledge wedged between these two trees. Here was a predicament! For the next hour we were trying all we knew to get the clumsy vehicle free, and it was only after endless futile efforts that we literally cut it out—with no little difficulty, for the wood seemed as hard as iron. By the time we got under way again, and after searching for the track, day was beginning to break, and it was broad daylight when we reached the station. It had taken over five hours to do the last fifteen miles. The postmaster here, who spoke German fluently, informed me that it was out of the question attempting to proceed any farther in a sledge, and that I should have now to continue

my journey in a "tarantass," or post-cart. He agreed to purchase my sledge for exactly what I had given for it. I felt that the remainder of the route to Kiakhta would not be enjoyable, as I should, at every station, have to repack my baggage in a fresh conveyance. However, there was no help for it. A tarantass is a most curious vehicle, distinctively Russian. In shape it is not unlike a very unwieldy barouche, with a large fixed hood at the back. As in a sledge, the luggage is packed inside so as to form a seat. Though not elegant-looking, it is well adapted to the rough roads of the country. I was once more travelling on wheels, for the first time since I had left England.

The country now began to assume a much more barren and steppe-like appearance; there was hardly a trace of snow anywhere. The trees also seemed to have disappeared, and for miles ahead there was bare undulating plain. I thought everything was now beginning to look more Chinese, or rather Mongolian. Even the tea caravans we passed were composed of quaint-looking carts, undoubtedly of Chinese origin; also the drivers, with their swarthy sunburnt faces. In the afternoon we reached a small river, over which, as usual, we passed on the ice. We saw a cart which was coming towards us suddenly half disappear through the ice, which was evidently very rotten: the water, fortunately, was only three or four feet deep. So I persuaded my driver, quite a young fellow, to try a narrower spot a little farther down. We went at it full tilt, trusting to get across with a rush; and so we did till within about twenty yards of the opposite bank, when, with a sickening crash, the ice gave way, and we were in the



DEPARTURE OF THE CHINESE MAIL FROM TROITZKOSARSK, KIAKHTA.

water. The horses immediately began kicking and plunging, so that I expected the heavy tarantass would turn over, and all my baggage would be lost; but my driver managed to reach the bank without any further mishap. As we drove full gallop along the road to make up for lost time, I looked back and saw the peasant with his horse and cart still in the water. A basin of hot "bouillon fleet" at the next station set me right, and I felt no worse for my partial immersion.

I had made up my mind, however, to reach Kiakhtha that night if it could be done. After the next station, the road lay right across the turf, and, owing to the nature of the soil, was scarcely visible in the rapidly falling light. It was quite dark when we came to what looked like an immense white plain. This, the yemshik told me, was the river Selenga. The majestic river, which flows into Lake Baikal, was here as wide as the Thames at Gravesend. The opposite bank at night was scarcely visible. Our road lay right across the ice-bound river. At the edge of the ice my driver drew up, and getting down, said he would go and look round before venturing on it, as a man who had that afternoon came in from the next station reported that the ice was beginning to break up. After being absent some twenty minutes he came back and said he thought it would be all right, so on we went. It may have been my fancy, but the heavy lumbering vehicle seemed to weigh more than ever now, as it rattled over the ice of the river. We had reached, I suppose, about the middle, when suddenly the horses drew up of their own accord, snorting with fear. A large dark mass was in front of them. Nothing could induce them to go on, so the driver got down to see what it was; then returned and, getting up, drove in another direction. He informed me, in an awed whisper, that it was water. I then understood that the dark mass was a huge gap in the ice. The instinct of the horses had undoubtedly saved us!

After a considerable *détour* we reached what appeared to be the opposite bank, only to find that it was an island and that there was another broad piece of ice still to be crossed. The driver had now the greatest difficulty in getting the terror-stricken animals to go on at all. It was only after a lot of coaxing, and eventually leading them himself, that they could be persuaded to venture on the treacherous surface. This time, however, we got across without further hindrance. It was with a genuine feeling of relief that I felt the tarantass once more rolling over the grass.

The track was again found, and an hour later I reached the last post-house before Kiakhtha, after a most exciting "stage." There is, of course, no other means of crossing Siberian rivers during the winter but on the ice. Towards the end of the winter, just before the *débâcle* begins, it is always advisable, where possible, to cross the big rivers by daylight, on account of the many fissures in the ice. I remember nothing of the next twenty versts, for I went off into a deep sleep, till I was woken up by the yemshik calling out to me that we had reached our destination, and wanting to know where he should drive me.

I sat up and looked round me; but it was snowing hard, and the dreary-looking deserted street looked still more wretched as in the piercing wind the blinding flakes were whirled about in clouds. For a moment I wished myself back in my comfortable quarters at Irkutsk.

So this was the frontier city of Kiakhtha, the delightful place where, as I had read, it never snows, and where I had been fondly imagining I should find a genial temperature; but the Siberian winter evidently holds good to its reputation to the furthest confines of the vast country. It was no time for musing, in the middle of the night, and I knew not where to turn for a lodging. The only hotel of Kiakhtha was not strongly recommended (which means a great deal in Siberia), and I wished to find accommodation elsewhere; but the whole town was asleep. The yemshik then said he knew of some people who had a room to let, if we could manage to wake them up. So we went to the house, and, happily, were successful. The room, on inspection, proved comfortable and clean, and I got lodgings wonderfully cheap. So I decided to remain there during my stay in the town. And how thankful I was when I at length "turned in" after my somewhat eventful and fatiguing journey!

My lodgings were in the High Street of Troitzkosarsk, the business suburb of Kiakhtha, for in the frontier "city" itself there are not above fifty houses, nearly all of which belong to the great merchants. The Frontier Commissioner also lives here. With my recollection of all the gaieties at Irkutsk, I found Kiakhtha and Troitzkosarsk terribly dull. Had I not made up my mind to complete my work I should have pushed on towards Ourga without delay. The weather continued bitterly cold and it snowed almost every day. There was only one redeeming feature in this place—the novel sights in the streets. After the unvaried monotony of costume in other Siberian towns it was refreshing here to see wild-looking Mongolians dashing up the quiet street on their wiry little ponies; or an occasional camel-caravan, with tea, arriving from the desert. This was a sign that a warmer and more picturesque country was near, and made me long the more to get out of cold Siberia. But the novel and interesting sights at Kiakhtha were but poor specimens of what I hoped to see farther on; so I decided not to begin sketching Mongolian features and costumes till I saw them in Mongolia itself. Meanwhile, my work progressed rapidly, and after a little over a fortnight's stay at Kiakhtha, I saw my way clear to arrange for my further journey to the sacred city of Ourga, and then across the Gobi desert to China; but of all this I will tell you on a future occasion.

Before leaving Siberia, probably for ever, I am desirous of recording my gratitude for the assistance afforded to me and the many kindnesses I have received during the winter I have spent there. From the highest officials to the humblest the courtesy with which I was treated on all occasions was such as in all my varied experience of travelling I have never met with elsewhere. If it is the same all over the Russian empire, I trust that I may be a visitor some day to European Russia. I must confess that I arrived in Siberia with preconceived erroneous ideas both of the country and its inhabitants, derived from the books which have been published about this part of the world. The author of "De Paris à Pékin par terre" concludes his volume with the following sapient advice, "N'allez pas là, c'est la morale de ce livre." The result of my experiences during the winter I have just spent in Siberia is different. I can but say, if you wish to see an interesting country and people, and to know what hospitality and politeness really mean, Siberia is worth the fatigues of travelling, as I have done, from the northern Arctic sea-coast, entering by the Yenisei River, to Kiakhtha and the border of the Mongol desert on the south frontier.

Lord Tennyson is still at Aldworth House, Haslemere, with Lady Tennyson and the Hon. Hallam Tennyson. He is enjoying excellent health.

The Bishop of Lincoln will re-open Frampton Church, near Boston, Lincolnshire, on Oct. 15, after a restoration extending over two years.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

ALPHA.—You have found the right answer this time. The problem deserves all the compliments you and other skilful solvers have paid it.

C BUNSETT (Biggleswade).—All your correct solutions were acknowledged last week. No. 2471 cannot be solved as you suggest, because in the defence of Kt takes P, you overlook this continuation: 2. Q to K B 5th (ch), K to Q 5th; 3. Q to Q 3rd (ch), R takes Q.

T (Nunehead).—See our reply to Julia Short last week. The correct continuation is 2. Q to B 8th, and the problem is quite sound.

DR F ST.—Your problem shall appear in due course. We are glad you found No. 2471 so attractive.

L F THURGOOD (Westminster).—We are very pleased with your two-mover.

HOWICH (Finsbury Park).—The shortened solution is quite sufficient. Your self-mate problem is interesting, but it belongs to a class we have always excluded from this column. It is more suitable for a chess magazine.

AGWINNER.—See our answer above to C Burnett.

J W.—We will endeavour to find the answer for you.

H J WINTER WOOD.—We are very pleased to hear from you again, and think your problem a very good one.

J SEARLE (Reigate).—Your letter has been handed to the office, where it will be duly attended to.

H E BIRD and G ADAMSON.—Thanks for your communications.

T H GUEST (Smethwick).—Your analysis of No. 2471 is very complete, and shows you are quite a chip of the old block. The problem submitted is neat, if somewhat easy, and is under consideration. You must send us further examples of your compositions.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2459 to 2462 received from Dr P B Rennie (Melbourne); of No. 2471 from T Guest, Alpha, and T H Guest; of No. 2472 from J W Shaw (Montreal), T Guest, Rev John Willis (Barnstable, Mass.), John G Grant (Ealing), T H Guest, E W Brook and W L Tucker; of No. 2473 from Blanche Searle, T Guest, T H Guest, and J T Pullen (Launceston); of No. 2474 from E W Brook, B D Knox, Captain J A Challice, Nigel, and Julia Short.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2475 received from T Roberts, Shadforth, F Fernando (Dublin), Julia Short (Exeter), C Burnett (Biggleswade), Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), W Rieby, Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), Martin P, Dr P St, T G (Ware), A Newman, J F Moon, Admiral Brandreth, B D Knox, Dr Waltz (Heidelberg), M Burke, E Lenden, Victoria Aoz del Frago (Pamplona), F G Webb (Newbury), Columbus, P C Shrewsbury, C St H (Plumstead), Dane John, Sorrento (Dawlish), W Wright, J D Tucker (Leeds), H B Harford, H S Brandreth, W R B (Plymouth), and R H Brooks.

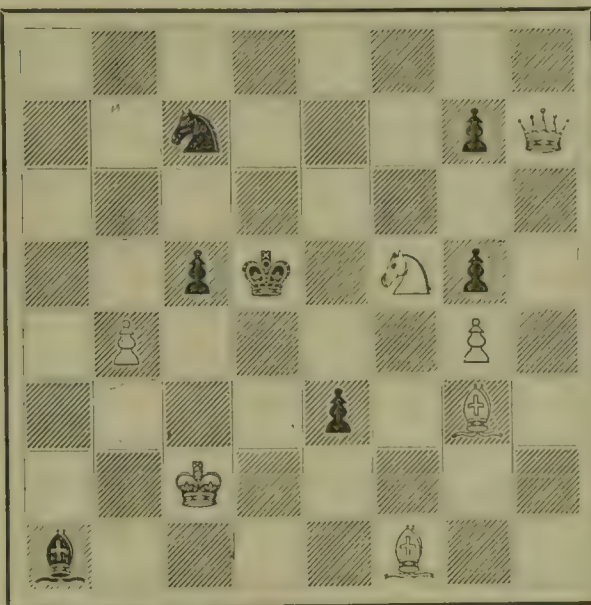
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2473.—By C. W. (of Sunbury).

WHITE.
1. B to Q 7th
2. Q to B 7th (ch)
3. R mates.

BLACK.
Kt to B 4th
Any move.

If Black play 1. K to Q sq, then 2. R takes R (ch), K to K 2nd; 3. Q mates.

PROBLEM No. 2477.
By F. A. HILL.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played between Mr. TINSLEY and Mr. H. in a recent simultaneous exhibition at the City of London Chess Club.
(English Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to K 3rd
2. P to K 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	P to Q 4th
4. Kt to K B 3rd	P to Q B 4th
5. P to Q 4th	Kt to Q B 3rd
6. P to Q Kt 3rd	P takes Q P
7. K P takes P	B to Kt 5th
8. B to Q 2nd	Kt to K 5th
9. Kt takes Kt	P takes Kt
10. B takes B	P takes Kt.

Black should rather have taken the Bishop, and after White's Kt moves, Q takes P is correct on account of the check at B 7th.

11. B to B 3rd	P takes P
12. B takes P	Kt to K 2nd
13. Castles	Q to Q 3rd
14. P to K B 4th	Castles
15. Q to Kt 4th	P to K B 4th
16. Q to Kt 3rd	R to B 3rd
17. P to Q R 3rd	R to Kt 3rd
18. Q to B 3rd	R to Kt 3rd
19. K to R sq.	

The game here is highly interesting, and the way White's combination is met is worthy of note.

CHESS IN SCOTLAND.

A brief skirmish between Messrs. G. B. FRASER and R. TURNBULL, of the Dundee Chess Club.
(King's Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. F.)	BLACK (Mr. T.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2. P to K B 4th	P takes P
3. Q Kt to B 3rd	B to K 2nd
4. B to Q B 4th	B to R 5th (ch)
5. K to B sq	Kt to K 2nd
6. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to Kt 3rd
7. P to Q 4th	Kt to Q B 3rd
8. Kt to Q 5th	

Not only with the object of recovering the Pawn, but also having in view the line of play actually adopted in the event of Black casting next move.

9. P to Kt 3rd	P takes P
10. P takes P	B takes P
11. B to K Kt 5th	Q Kt to K 2nd
12. K to Kt 2nd	B to Q 3rd
13. P to K 5th	

Black must now suffer loss in one way or another, whatever he does.

13. P to Q B 3rd	P takes Kt
14. Kt to K B 6th	
(ch)	
15. B takes P	P to Q Kt 4th
16. R takes R P, and wins.	

A first-class even tournament will be commenced at Simpson's Divan on Sept. 28, under the management of an amateur committee. The players already entered include Messrs. Bird, Fenton, Gossip, Harvey, Jasnowski, Lee, Muller, Mortimer, Rolland, Tinsley, and Van Vleet. It is hoped that Messrs. Gunsberg, Blackburne, and Lasker may also be induced to compete. Play will commence each day at 2 p.m. and 6 p.m.

At the City of London Chess Club the following well known strong players have entered for the coming winter tournament. Messrs. Black, Bowles, Cutler, Clayton, Curnock, Eckenstein, Fazan, Gibbons, Hamburger, Hammond, Hooke, Howell, Huckvale, Hughes-Hughes, Ingoldsby, Jacobs, Knight, Kup, Loman, Manlove, Mocatta, Morlan, Peachey, Serrallier, A. G. Smith, Dr. Smith, Taylor, Vyse, Tietjen, Watson, and Woon. There will be this year three sections of first-class players, three second, three third, two fourth, and one fifth.

Owing to the great glut of plums this season in Kent, many growers will not pick hundreds of bushels, as the expenses come to more than the price obtainable at the London market. Several farmers have sent their crop to market, and, instead of receiving a balance, they find that the commission and railway carriage exceed the amount allowed for the fruit, so that they are actually called upon to pay a balance to the salesman.

UNCLE ABRAHAM'S ROMANCE.

BY E. NESBIT.

"No, my dear," my Uncle Abraham answered me, "no—nothing romantic ever happened to me—unless—but no: that wasn't romantic either."

I was. To me, I being eighteen, romance was the world. My Uncle Abraham was old and lame. I followed the gaze of his faded eyes, and my own rested on a miniature that hung at his elbow-chair's right hand, a portrait of a woman, whose loveliness even the miniature-painter's art had been powerless to disguise—a woman with large lustrous eyes and perfect oval face.

I rose to look at it. I had looked at it a hundred times. Often enough in my baby days I had asked "Who's that, Uncle?" always receiving the same answer: "A lady who died long ago, my dear."

As I looked again at the picture, I asked, "Was she like this?"

"Who?"

"Your—your romance!"

Uncle Abraham looked hard at me. "Yes," he said at last. "Very—very like."

I sat down on the floor by him. "Won't you tell me about her?"

"There's nothing to tell," he said. "I think it was fancy, mostly, and folly; but it's the realest thing in my long life, my dear."

A long pause. I kept silence. "Hurry no man's cattle" is a good motto, especially with old people.

"I remember," he said in the dreamy tone always promising so well to the ear that a story delighteth—"I remember, when I was a young man, I was very lonely indeed. I never had a sweetheart. I was always lame, my dear, from quite a boy; and the girls used to laugh at me."

He sighed. Presently he went on—

"And so I got into the way of mooning off by myself in lonely places, and one of my favourite walks was up through our churchyard, which was set high on a hill in the middle of the marsh country. I liked that because I never met anyone there. It's all over, years ago; I was a silly lad; but I couldn't bear of a summer evening to hear a rustle and a whisper from the other side of the hedge, or maybe a kiss as I went by."

"Well, I used to go and sit all by myself in the churchyard, which was always sweet with thyme, and quite light (on account of its being so high) long after the marshes were dark. I used to watch the bats flitting about in the red light, and wonder why God didn't make everyone's legs straight and strong, and wicked follies like that. But by the time the light was gone I had always worked it off, so to speak, and could go home quietly and say my prayers without any bitterness."

"Well, one hot night in August, when I had watched the sunset fade and the crescent moon grow golden, I was just stepping over the low stone wall of the churchyard when I heard a rustle behind me. I turned round, expecting it to be a rabbit or a bird. It was a woman."

He looked at the portrait. So did I.

"Yes," he said, "that was her very face. I was a bit scared and said something—I don't know what—and she laughed and said, 'Did I think she was a ghost?' and I answered back, and I stayed talking to her over the churchyard wall till 'twas quite dark, and the glowworms were out in the wet grass all along the way home."

"Next night I saw her again; and the next night and the next. Always at twilight time; and if I passed any lovers leaning on the stiles in the marshes it was nothing to me now."

Again my uncle paused. "It's very long ago," he said, slowly, "and I'm an old man; but I know what youth means, and happiness, though I was always lame, and the girls used to laugh at me. I don't know how long it went on—you don't measure time in dreams—but at last your grandfather said I looked as if I had one foot in the grave, and he would be sending me to stay with our kin at Bath and take the waters. I had to go. I could not tell my father why I would rather have died than go."

"What was her name, Uncle?" I asked.

"She never would tell me her name, and why should she? I had names enough in my heart to call her by. Marriage? My dear, even then I knew marriage was not for me. But I met her night after night, always in our churchyard where the yew-trees were and the lichened gravestones. It was there we always met and always parted. The last time was the night before I went away. She was very sad, and dearer than life itself. And she said—

"If you come back before the new moon I shall meet you here just as usual. But if the new moon shines on this grave and you are not here—you will never see me again any more."

"She laid her hand on the yellow lichened tomb against which we had been leaning. It was an old weather-worn stone, and bore on it the name—

SUSANNAH KINGSNORTH,
Ob. 1713.

"I shall be here," I said.

"I mean it," she said, with deep and sudden seriousness, "it is no fancy. You will be here when the new moon shines?"

"I promised, and after a while we parted."

"I had been with my kinsfolk at Bath nearly a month. I was to go home on the next day, when, turning over a case in the parlour, I came upon that miniature. I could not speak for a minute. At last I said, with dry tongue, and heart beating to the tune of heaven and hell—

"Who is this?"

"That?" said my aunt. "Oh! she was betrothed to one of our family many years ago, but she died before the wedding. They say she was a bit of a witch. A handsome one, wasn't she?"

"I looked again at the face, the lips, the eyes of my dear and lovely love, whom I was to meet to-morrow night when the new moon shone on the tomb in our churchyard."

"Did you say she was dead?" I asked, and I hardly knew my own voice.

"Years and years ago! Her name's on the back and her date—

"I took the portrait from its faded red-velvet bed, and read on the back—SUSANNAH KINGSNORTH, Ob. 1713."

"That was in 1713," my uncle stopped short.

"What happened?" I asked breathlessly.

"I believe I had a fit," my uncle answered slowly; "at any rate, I was very ill."

"And you missed the new moon on the grave?"

"I missed the new moon on the grave."

"And you never saw her again?"

"I never saw her again!"

"But, Uncle, do you really believe?—was she—did you—

My uncle took out his pipe and filled it.

"It's a long time ago," he said, "a many, many years. Old man's tales, my dear! Old man's tales! Don't you take any notice of them."

He lighted the pipe, puffed silently a moment or two, and then added: "But I know what youth means, and happiness, though I was lame, and the girls used to laugh at me."

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

Autumn approaches; the summer has not gone, because it has never arrived, but it has effectually passed us by; and we must turn our attention to warmer clothing.

At present all the dress-bodices are being made with long-skirted coats and somewhat shorter vests. The coat-bodice is no longer made loose-fronted, but close-fitting and attached to the vest at the edges, the whole thing being fastened at once by a row of tiny buttons down the centre. At the neck the vest is continued into a rather high band-collar of the same material, while the coat-bodice is turned back at the top with a roll collar and pointed revers. Such bodices have the vests constructed of some very smart material—generally broadened silk; but plain silk embroidered by machinery with pretty little floral or other designs is newer, and velvet, plain or fancy, will be more employed as the colder weather arrives. Such is the style so generally adopted for the new bodices that it almost resembles a uniform.

Of course, there are certain variations permissible. Thus, some of the bodices have the top rolled-over piece partially cut in, so as to divide it into a turn-down collar and lappels, like a man's coat; while others are all in one, from the point of the revers on one side to the opposite point, only graduated in width by folding, so as to make the collar narrow at the back. Again, the revers ends sometimes at the bust, sometimes it is continued narrowing down to the waist. But whatever little differences may be thus made, the general style remains the same. In Paris dresses, however, it is different. There, the yoke and corselet in front, with a plain back, is by far the most popular style of bodice, and, where the jacket and vest effect is preferred, the vest is always barred across with trimming or in some way given that horizontal stripe which French taste requires as a match to the similar appearance of the skirt; for all skirts are trimmed round, either completely or across the back and front breadths, unless the material be very thick.

It must be noted, however, that many of the materials for the cold weather are to be of a particularly solid and rough order that admits of very little trimming. Hairy and knotted chevrons and coarse cloths in a variety of colours are seen on the shelves of the shops. Some of these goods are plain in colour, the flecks of material which decorate their surface differing only slightly from the ground. Others are woven in checks or fancy devices with little knobs of one of the prominent colours diversifying the pattern. Such heavy and rough-surfaced materials will not bear trimming. However, even these have not the skirts absolutely plain. Some have a deep hem turned up on the right side and stitched visibly with three or four rows of machine-work to emphasise the top of the hem. Or, as I saw in one model, a hem of brown "My Queen" Vel-vel matched the vest of the same material: the hem was headed with a narrow round cord, in which appeared the tones of red and brown and green that formed the plaid ground and the darker green of the knots that flecked it; the revers of the coat were finished by an edging of the cord also. These rough dresses are suitable only for walking, and, especially for the country. For town visiting or driving, faced cloths will be preferred, and beaded galons and jewelled passementeries for the garniture of the skirts. Two or three, or even five or six rows, if narrow, of galon are not considered too much; the skirt may be trimmed up for about eight inches above the foot.

As to mantles and jackets, they are, without exception,

three-quarter length. Even fur-lined cloaks have succumbed to this fashion, and reach only about to the knee. There is no reason to regret this, so far as the fur cloaks are concerned, for they are the most comfortable of garments—almost indispensable, indeed, for people at all delicate at the chest, in this land of East winds and dampness—yet the extreme weight of them when they reach the ground has made them exhausting to walk under. Speaking generally, however, three-quarter coats are certainly not elegant garments in their effect. They cut the figure awkwardly, and give a shortened, bulky, and clumsy look to all but the most tall and slender of women. Thus, they need some counteracting influence, and so tend to help in the revival of trained walking dresses; those unhealthy, senseless trains, which destroy all the pleasure of walking, drag on the hips, fatigue a hand in holding them up, and collect dust or damp to carry into the house.

But the irresponsible despots who make our fashions take no count of all this: they decree three-quarter mantles for this winter, and trained dresses to follow—they have already appeared in London shops—and we know that we have got to submit. The Theosophists talk about Mahatmas—mysterious beings who sit afar off in concealed recesses (in Thibet, I believe it is) and thence "precipitate" on civilisation letters of instruction which, like the commands of "She," "must be obeyed." I think that our fashions must be thus directed. Nobody wants three-quarter jackets and trained walking-skirts; and if we had a living, visible directress of these matters, we could sign a petition to her Majesty—against the long skirts, at least—signatures to that appeal would be appended in such overwhelming numbers that the plea would have to be granted. But what is to be done with the invisible, unapproachable spirits who really make the fashions? We have got to wear these things—all of us, whether countesses or cooks—and protest and reasoning are perfectly useless.

This is weak—but it is a human weakness, this sheep-like following of a mode. Men also have arbitrary, uncomfortable fashions to obey. But women's fashions are by far the worst, the most unreasonable, and the most tyrannical. There should be some improvement in this respect, surely, now that so many women cultivate a certain independence of mind. If there be an increase of individuality among us, the threat of trained walking-dresses affords it occasion for display to the best advantage.

A remarkable invention, indeed, is Titan Soap—properly so named, as a veritable giant of force against dirt! I read the surprising directions on its wrapper over to my housemaid, and asked her to be good enough to follow them exactly, and show me the result. A given proportion of the soap, to as much water as is needed to cover the things to be washed, is taken, and all are put in the boiler together. No other soap, no soda, or any sort of washing powder may be added. The articles are put in without preparation, the fire is made up, and the copper is left to boil for just half an hour. At the end of that time the things that were dirty are taken out, and every spot has disappeared. They need rinsing, of course, to get the dirty water out, but absolutely no rubbing: grease and every spot had disappeared from the towels and dusters on which the experiment was tried in my kitchen. Washing is reduced by Titan Soap and a wringing-machine from being terribly hard labour to mere child's play; and there can be no reason why the expense and risk through loss and infection of sending out to a laundry should not now be saved in any household where means exist for drying.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Feb. 24, 1890) of Mr. Joseph Gooden, late of 18, Lancaster Gate, Hyde Park, who died on July 29, was proved on Sept. 10 by Percy Pugh Gooden Gooden, the son, and John William Griffiths, the nephew, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £93,000. The testator gives a few pecuniary and specific legacies; and to his three daughters, while unmarried, the use and enjoyment of his freehold residence, 18, Lancaster Gate, with his furniture and effects, horses and carriages; but when there is only one surviving and unmarried the furniture and effects are to be divided between his children. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his five children, Charles Joseph, Lucy Matilda, Ada Julia, Percy Pugh Gooden, and Maud Mary.

The will (executed April 30, 1873), with a codicil (dated April 25, 1889), of Mr. Walter Kidman Foster, formerly of Threadneedle Street, banker, and late of 45, Leinster Gardens, Hyde Park, who died on July 5 at Margate, was proved on Sept. 9 by Ebenezer Bird Foster and George Edward Foster, the brothers, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £82,000. The testator bequeaths to the chancellor, masters, and scholars of the University of Cambridge his collection of antiquities, to be deposited in their Archaeological Museum, on condition that the prehistoric and Anglo-Saxon portions are kept and exhibited together, and designated "The Walter K. Foster Bequest"; he also bequeaths to the said chancellor, masters, and scholars £100 for the purchase of a case or cases for the exhibition of the said antiquities, and such of the antiquarian works in his library as they may select; his household goods, furniture and effects, and £1000 to his wife, Mrs. Mary Hichens Foster, and he makes up her income with what she will be entitled to under their marriage settlement to £1000 per annum. The residue of his personal estate he leaves to his children in equal shares.

The Irish Probate, granted at Dublin, of the will (dated Feb. 19, 1889) of Lieutenant-Colonel John Charles William Fortescue, formerly R.A., J.P., D.L., late of Stephenstown, in the county of Louth, who died on March 5 at Ryde, Isle of Wight, to Captain Matthew Charles Edward Fortescue, the nephew and sole executor, was resealed in London on Sept. 7, the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland amounting to over £30,000. The testator gives his house in Melville Street, Ryde, to his sister-in-law, Charlotte Cecelia Wilmot; £2000 to his niece, Kathleen Mary Geraldine Fortescue; an annuity of £100 to his sister-in-law, Marion Jane Fortescue; annuities to his cook and late wife's maid; and a legacy to his butler. The residue of his property he leaves to his nephew, Captain M. C. E. Fortescue.

The will (dated March 17, 1891) of Captain John Henry Blackburne, formerly R.A., late of Beryl, Wells, Somersetshire, who died on May 15, has just been proved by Mrs. Elizabeth Susanna Blackburne, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £15,000. The testator gives all his freehold, copyhold, and leasehold property, and all his personal estate to his wife, for her use and benefit absolutely.

The will (dated May 28, 1884), with two codicils (dated Oct. 22, 1884, and June 16, 1890), of Mr. Henry Mortimer Hummell, late of Solsbro House, Cockington, near Torquay Devon, who died on July 23, was proved on Sept. 7 by Mrs. Sarah Ann Hummell, the widow, Henry Gough, and

MAPPIN & WEBB'S STERLING SILVER & PRINCE'S PLATE (REGD.).

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PRICE LISTS
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Goods sent on
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Registered Design.
MAPPIN and WEBB'S New Stand for Peaches or other Fruits. Shells, gilt inside, £3 5s.



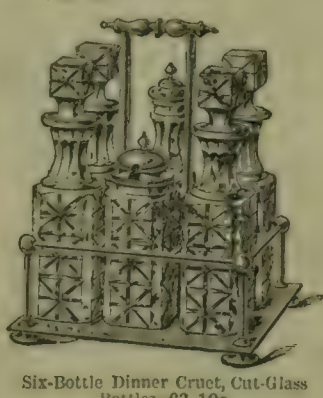
Tea Tray, handsomely Engraved Centre and Handles.
20 inches, £11 11s. 22 inches, £12 12s. 24 inches, £13 13s.



Brandy and Soda Stand, Engraved Glass Decanter and Two Soda-Water Tumblers, with spaces for Two Seltzer and Four Soda-Water Bottles, £3 10s.



Cut and Engraved Claret Jug, Massive Mounts, £2 10s. Sterling Silver Mounts, £5 5s.



Six-Bottle Dinner Cruet, Cut-Glass Bottles, £3 10s.



Richly Cut Glass Salad Bowl, handsomely Mounted, £1 1s.; Pair Servers to match, 16s. 6d.



Registered Design.
MAPPIN and WEBB'S new "Cosy" Egg Frame, to hold Six Eggs, £5 10s.
The sides close up, thus keeping the eggs warm for a long time.



Claret Jug, richly Cut Glass, Chased Mount, £3 8s. Sterling Silver, £8 5s.



Scallop Butter Shell and Knife, with Glass Lining, 12s. 6d. Sterling Silver, £2 2s.



Pepper Mill, with Cut-Glass Body, 15s. Sterling Silver, £1 15s.



Crumb Scoop, with Carved Ivory Handle, 18s. 6d. Sterling Silver, £4.



Queen Anne Afternoon Tea Set, £5 10s.

THE POULTRY, E.C. (Opposite the Mansion House); AND 158, OXFORD ST., W., LONDON. Manufactory: Royal Plate & Cutlery Works, Sheffield.

"MY QUEEN" VEL-VEL

Is the daintiest DRESS FABRIC the modern loom has given to the fashionable world. For softness and delicacy of surface, "MY QUEEN" VEL-VEL equals the best Lyons Silk Velvet, for which it forms an attractive substitute. The depths and richness of Blacks in "MY QUEEN" VEL-VEL have never been equalled, while the New Shade Card contains nearly 200 colours, including every conceivable Art Shade.

"THE QUEEN" says:—

"This year's patterns in 'MY QUEEN' VEL-VEL, it may be said without flattery, are a delight to the most fastidious eye."

"THE LADY'S PICTORIAL" says:—

"A very beautiful material, closely resembling the richest Silk Lyons Velvet, soft and lovely in texture, falling naturally into the most artistic folds. The brilliant lustre of its surface and its durability and strength make it simply a marvel of cheapness. Being light in weight, it will be found pleasant for evening wear all the year round. The colours embrace all the newest and most beautiful shades."

"MYRA'S JOURNAL" says:—

"A rich and beautiful velours—the colours are simply lovely, and the pile is rich and thick. The appearance of 'MY QUEEN' VEL-VEL is that of a highly finished Silk Velvet."

"WELDON'S LADIES' JOURNAL" says:—

"'MY QUEEN' VEL-VEL is to be recommended for all purposes where silk velvet is employed. This special make of velveteen is unequalled for richness of pile, which is close and erect, and with all the lustre or lovely bloom seen on the best quality silk velvets, while its being fast-woven enables it to resist any amount of hard wear without crushing or in any way affecting its rich velvety surface."

See that the Registered Trade Mark, "MY QUEEN" VEL-VEL, is stamped along the whole selvedge, without which it cannot be genuine.

Ladies are particularly requested to write to A. HUNT and CO. for this New Season's Fashion Book, containing all the latest fashions, and EIGHT Full Page Costumes in Colours, Post Free to any address.

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A. HUNT AND CO.,
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IN EVERY HOME A USE IS FOUND FOR ELLIMAN'S.

USEFUL TO FIREMEN.

Mr. J. H. HEATHMAN, Endeil-street and Wilson-street, London, W.C., Expert Fire and Hydraulic Engineer, writes—

"Aug. 27, 1890.

"For many years past I have used your Embrocation to cure rheumatism, colds, and sprains, and always with very satisfactory results.

"I have frequently advised firemen and others to try it, and know many instances of relief through its application.

"There are many like myself who are liable to get a soaking at fire-engine trials and actual fires, and the knowledge of the value of your Embrocation will save them much pain and inconvenience if they apply the remedy with promptitude.

"An illustration: On Monday last I got wet and had to travel home by rail. On Tuesday I had rheumatism in my legs and ankles, and well rubbed my legs and feet with your Embrocation. On Wednesday (to-day) I am well again, and the cost of the cure has been eightpence, as the bottle is not empty. This, therefore, is an inexpensive remedy."

ADVANTAGES OF PLENTY OF FRICTION.

Mr. PETER GEO. WRIGHT, Heath Town, Wolverhampton, Staffordshire, writes—

"Jan. 7, 1890.

"On Nov. 8 last year I was taken with a great pain and swelling in my left foot; in the night it was so painful I could not sleep, and in the morning I got downstairs on my hands and knees, so I had to sit in a chair all day. On the Friday about seven o'clock my weekly paper came, the *Sheffield Telegraph*. I saw your advertisement for the Universal Embrocation, and sent 1½ miles for a small bottle. I commenced to give my foot a good rubbing, and I soon found relief. I rubbed it ten times that evening, and four times in the night. Saturday morning came: I could not go to market, so I set to work again with your Embrocation, and soon found that I could walk. I gave it a good rubbing every half-hour until five o'clock, when I put my boots on and walked four miles, and on Tuesday I walked six miles. I have never felt it since, and I shall always keep some in the house."

LUMBAGO.

From a Justice of the Peace. "About a fortnight ago a friend advised me to try your Embrocation, and its effect has been magical."

FOOTBALL.

Forfar Athletic Football Club. "Given entire satisfaction to all who have used it."

STRENGTHENS the MUSCLES.

From "Victorina," "The Strongest Lady in the World." "It not only relieves pain, but it strengthens the nerves and muscles."

RUNNING.

A Blackheath Harrier writes— "Draw attention to the benefit to be derived from using Elliman's Embrocation after cross-country running in the winter months."

SORE THROAT FROM COLD.

From a Clergyman. "For many years I have used your Embrocation, and found it most efficacious in preventing and curing sore throat from cold."

CRAMP.

CHAS. S. AGAR, Esq., Forbes Estate, Maskellya, Ceylon, writes— "The coolies suffer much from carrying heavy loads long distances, and they get cramp in the muscles, which, when well rubbed with your Embrocation, is relieved at once."

SPRAINS AND STIFFNESS.

A. F. GARDINER, Esq., Official Handcapper, Spartan Harriers, writes— "44, Cawley Rd., South Hackney, N.E." "After exercise it is invaluable for dispersing stiffness and aches. No athlete or cross-country runner should be without it."

ACCIDENT.

From the Jackley Wonders, Oxford Music Hall, London.

"I was recommended by my friend 'Victorina' your Embrocation, and by using it for two days I was enabled to resume my duties."

CYCLING.

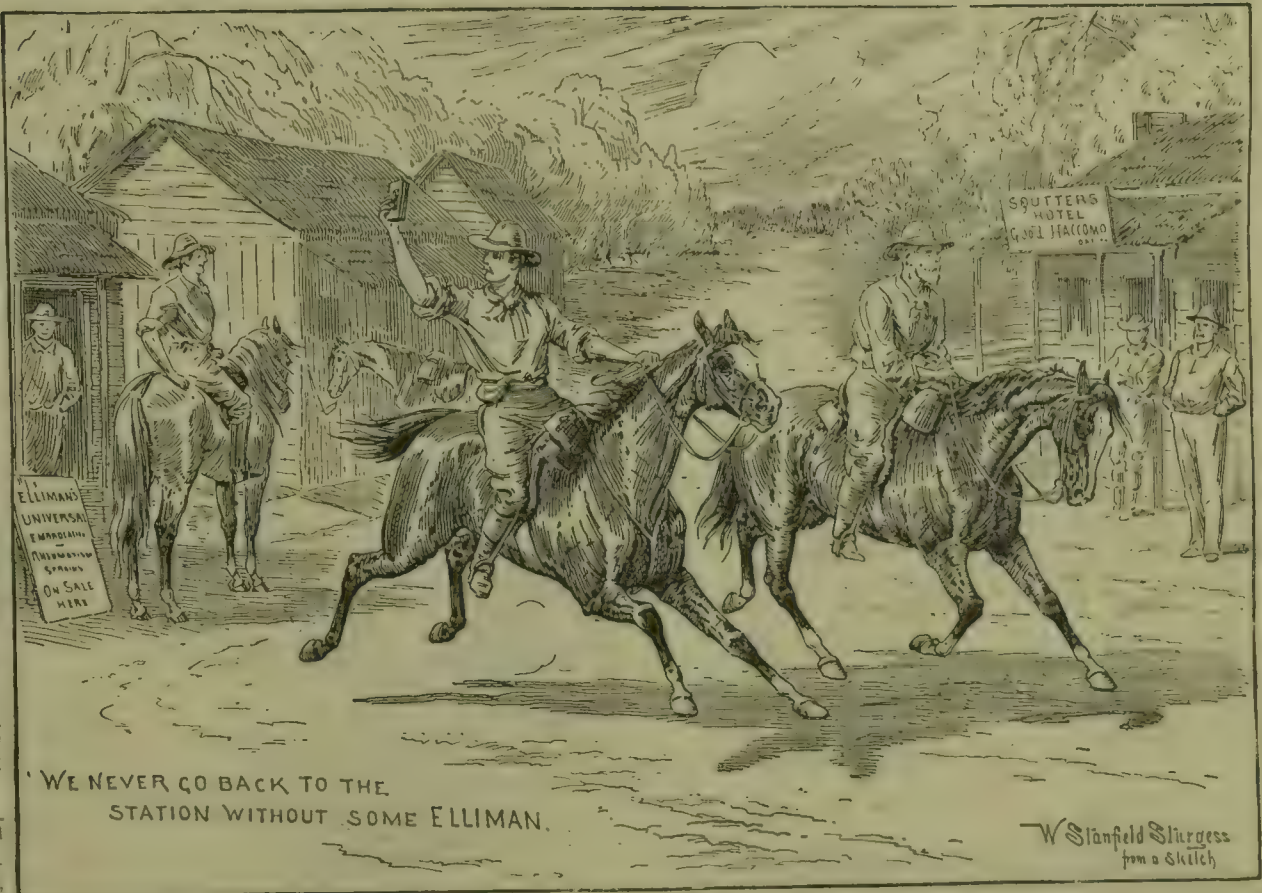
From L. FABRELLAS, St. Sebastian, Spain.

"I am a member of a cycling club here, and can testify to the excellent results to be obtained by using your Universal Embrocation."

RHEUMATISM.

From A. BANTON, Esq., The Ferns, Romford.

"I write to say that had it not been for Elliman's Embrocation I should have remained a cripple up to the present moment."



FOR ACHES AND PAINS.
ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION.
"AN EXCELLENT GOOD THING."

One Shilling and Three-Halfpence.

Prepared only by ELLIMAN, SONS, & CO., SLOUGH, ENGLAND.

"And it I will have, or I will have none."

William Eddowes, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £21,000. The testator gives his leasehold residence, Solsbro, with the furniture and effects, and £100 to his wife; and a few other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then as she shall appoint. In default of such appointment, there are some further legacies, and the ultimate residue is to be held, upon trust, for his niece and nephews, Maria Lavinia Eddowes, Francis Henry Hummell, and Horace William Hummell.

The will and four codicils of Mr. William Parr Isaacson, J.P., D.L., formerly of Willoughby House, Newmarket, and late of Jevington Gardens, Eastbourne, who died on Jan. 20, 1890, was proved on Sept. 7 by Colonel Henry de Stuteville Isaacson, R.A., the son and acting executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £750.

The will of Sir William Kirby Green, K.C.M.G., late of Tangier, Morocco, who died on Feb. 24, was proved on Sept. 12 by Octavius Green, as attorney for Dame Mary Green, the widow and universal legatee in trust, the value of the personal estate amounting to £606.

OBITUARY.

MR. SHARMAN-CRAWFORD OF CRAWFORDSBURN.

Mr. Arthur Johnston Sharmar-Crawford of Crawfordsburn and of Rademon, in the county of Down, died recently at his seat, near Belfast, in his eighty-first year. He was the eldest surviving son of the late Mr. William Sharmar-Crawford of Crawfordsburn, was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he took his degree in 1831, and was called to the Irish Bar at King's Inns, Dublin, in 1834. He was a magistrate and a Deputy Lieutenant for Down, and in 1888 served the office of High Sheriff for that county. He married a daughter of Mr. William Crawford of Lakelands, near Cork, and leaves three sons.

VICE-ADMIRAL ARTHUR WILMSHURST.

Vice-Admiral Arthur Wilmshurst, C.B., who died on Sept. 10, was born in 1818, and, having entered the Navy in 1832, retired rear-admiral in 1877. He served in the Black Sea, in the Naval Brigade, during the Crimean War, 1854 and 1855 (medal with clasp, Turkish medal, and fifth class Medjidieh), and in command of the transports during the China Expedition 1857 (medal with clasp).

MR. JOHN DARLINGTON, K.C.I.

Mr. John Darlington died at his residence, Netherwood, near Ilkley, Yorkshire, recently, in the eighty-fourth year of his age. One of the best-known and most widely respected members of the legal profession in the North, he was a son of the late Mr. William Darlington, of Marbury, Cheshire. For many years he was in practice as a solicitor at Bradford, where he acted as Consul for the King of the Belgians and for the King of Servia. He was a Knight of the Order of Leopold and of the Royal Crown of Italy; and was a magistrate for Bradford and for the West Riding of Yorkshire. Mr. Darlington some years ago obtained a royal license to assume the name of De Dutton, as twentieth in direct descent from Odo, first Lord of Dutton, and twenty-sixth from Rollo, Duke of Normandy, but he never acted on that permission.

GENERAL POGSON.

General Wredenhall Q. Pogson, of the Bengal Staff Corps, died in his seventy-sixth year. He served in Spain, in the Anglo-Spanish Legion, fifty-four years ago, and subsequently with distinction in the first Afghan War, 1840-2.

LONDON IN FICTION.

The literature that has grown up about London is proportionate to the vast extent and crowded history of the great city. Its highways and byways have been illustrated minutely by the most painstaking research; every historic scene that has taken place in them, every notable person that has lived or died in them, has found a record in a long succession of "authorities." Recently the valuable books of Wheatley, Loftie, and Lawrence Hutton have supplied most of the deficiencies which existed in the productions of their predecessors; and of historic London, of the London of the past as of the real, actual, *fin de siècle* London, we can hardly, any of us, wish to know more than they can tell us. But there still remains a London—and a profoundly interesting London—of which no one has as yet attempted a comprehensive survey. I mean the London that exists in fiction—imaginary London—the romantic and picturesque London, peopled by the creations of our novelists and dramatists—Elizabethan gallants, Cavaliers, and Puritans, the wits and saucy dames of the Restoration, the belles and beaux of the early Hanoverian reigns, and so on down to the men and women supposed to be of our own day. The procession is a long one, and more varied than that of Chaucer's pilgrims, for it includes century after century, generation after generation. London in fiction! This, surely, is not the least attractive of the many Londons comprehended within the boundaries of our imperial London—not the least powerful in its appeal to our sympathies—not the least stirring and emotional in its associations. We are all of us delighted to trace the footsteps of Johnson, as he rolls his huge bulk along Fleet Street and touches every post he passes. Few, I suppose, look unmoved on the graveyard at Tower Hill, where lies so much illustrious dust. In making our way along Shoe Lane it is pleasant to give a thought to "resolute John Florio," whose translation of Montaigne was one of Shakspeare's book-companions. But I cannot help thinking that we are scarcely less interested in following the London pilgrimages of Colonel Newcome, in paying a visit to the mansion of the Marquis of Steyne, or looking in upon Mr. Tulkington in his chambers in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

Some day, perhaps, we shall have "Imaginary London" or "London in Fiction" put before us by a competent hand. Then we shall be reminded of the Temple fountain, as it appeared on a certain memorable day to sweet Ruth Pinch and her lover, John Westbrook. "Brilliantly the Temple fountain sparkled in the sun, and laughingly its liquid music played, and merrily the idle drops of water danced and danced, and, peeping out in sport among the trees, plunged lightly down to hide themselves, as little Ruth and her companion came towards it." The Temple, by the way, whether Inner or Middle, would occupy no inconsiderable space in such a book as I speak of, since it has been the happy hunting-ground of our novelists, from Sir Walter Scott to Mr. George Gissing. In Lamb Court, for instance, Mr. George Warrington and young Mr. Arthur Pendennis had their chambers. Mr. Morgan described it, you may remember, as "rather a shy place. The lawyers lives there and has their names on the doors. Mr. Harthor lives three pair high, sir; Mr. Warrington lives there too, sir—three pair, sir. Nasty black staircase as ever I see. Wonder how a gentleman can live in such a place."

It was in the Temple Gardens that Sir Roger de Coverley walked with Mr. Spectator, and discoursed about the beauties with their hoops and patches. His presence meets us also in

the Spring Gardens, where he enjoyed the fragrant of the walks and bowers, and the choirs of birds that sang upon the trees. The pleasant sights and sounds soothed him into a fit of musing, from which he was startled by a mask, who, coming behind him, gently tapped him on the shoulder, and asked him if he would drink a bottle of mead, provoking the good knight to reprimand her as "a wanton baggage," and bid her go about her business.

On inquiry, the reader will find that London in fiction spreads over a very extensive area, from east to west, from north to south. If we turn our faces westward, we come to Bond Street, which, no doubt, to the ordinary wayfarer seems a very prosaic and matter-of-fact thoroughfare; but in our fashionable fiction it becomes invested with quite a romantic atmosphere—see Mrs. Gore's novels, *passim*. Here resided that prince of jewellers, Mr. Ruby, whose shop was like unto the "Open Sesame" cave in the "Arabian Nights," so vast and so varied were its treasures. Lord St. Jerome's mansion was in St. James's Square—"a grand mansion, with a real suite of state apartments, including a genuine ball-room in the Venetian style, and lighted with chandeliers of rock crystal." In the Albany was located the Bachelor who figures in Marmaduke Savage's brilliant novel, which ought not to have been forgotten; and Jeames de la Pluche, Esq., in his days of prosperous speculation, occupied "first-floor apartment in the Halbins, completely and chasely furnished." In Bury Street resided Major Pendennis; and Count Mirabel—one of Lord Beaconsfield's liveliest sketches—in Berkeley Square, which is also semipiternally associated with Thackeray's "Jeames de la Pluche, Esq., of Buckley Square," already mentioned. Then, how many imaginary couples have been united, with all the pomp and circumstance of feathers and flowers, at St. George's, Hanover Square! How many fictitious characters have stared from the bow-windows of the clubs in Pall Mall! How many touching incidents (imaginary, of course) have taken place in the purlieus of Park Lane! How many imaginary artists have lived in Brompton, and studied silvan scenery in Kensington Gardens!

It was towards this sunny West-End that Mr. Micawber cast his longing glances in his visionary hours. When "something turned up" he proposed "to move." He mentioned a terrace at the western end of Oxford Street, fronting Hyde Park, on which he had always had his eye, but which he did not expect to obtain immediately, as it would require a large establishment. There would probably be an interval, he explained, in which he should content himself with the upper part of a house over some respectable place of business—say in Piccadilly—which would be a cheerful situation for Mrs. Micawber; and where, by throwing out a bow-window, or carrying up the roof another storey, or making some little alteration of that sort, they might live, comfortably and reputably, for a few years.

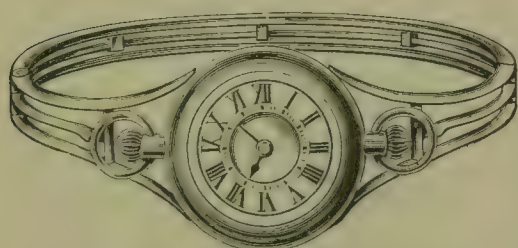
Perhaps I have now said enough to suggest to the reader the deep interest that lies in London in fiction. Most of our novelists have their favourite localities therein. Mr. Besant's heroes and heroines may be found in the Commercial Road and on Bankside; Mr. James Payn has traversed Bloomsbury, which had previously been partly occupied by Theodore Hook; Charles Dickens is met with here, there, and everywhere; Thackeray's characters most frequently wander westward; Mrs. Riddell has seized upon the City as her own particular domain; Mr. Richard Blackmore has appropriated the goods terminus of a great metropolitan railway; and so it happens that almost everywhere the imaginary London runs side by side, as it were, with the real, actual, everyday London—the London of fiction with the London of fact. W. H. D.-A.

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Supply the Public direct at Manufacturers' Cash Prices, saving Purchasers from 25 to 50 per cent.



Fine Gold Keyless Watch Bracelet.
Watch can be detached and worn separately.
£15.



Fine Gold Keyless and Diamond Border Watch Bracelet.
Perfect Timekeeper.
£35.

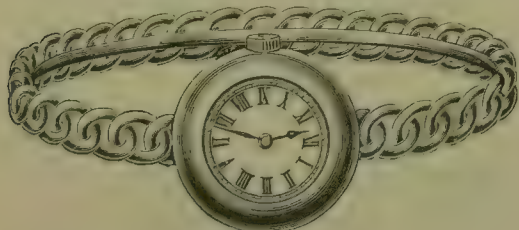


Fine Gold Watch Bracelet.
Watch can be detached and worn separately.
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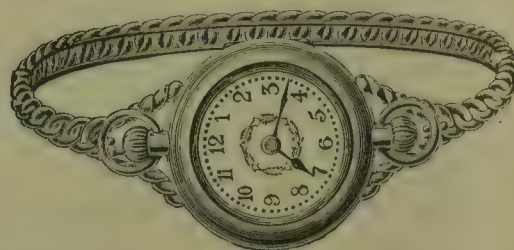
Fine Gold Keyless Watch Bracelet.
£14.



Fine Diamond Swallow Brooch, forming Head Ornament.
£165.



Fine Gold Keyless and Diamond Border Watch Bracelet.
Perfect Timekeeper.
£40.



Fine Gold Keyless Watch Bracelet.
Watch can be detached and worn separately.
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The Largest and Finest Stock of
JEWELLERY AND DIAMOND ORNAMENTS,
SPECIALLY SUITABLE FOR
Wedding Presents and Bridesmaids' Gifts.

WATCH BRACELETS A SPÉCIALITÉ.

Awarded Nine Gold Medals and the Cross
of the Legion of Honour.

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Manufactory: CLERKENWELL.

IF IT BE POSSIBLE, AS MUCH AS IN YOU LIES, STUDY TO LIVE AT PEACE WITH ALL MEN.

WAR!

O world!

O men! what are ye, and our best designs,
That we must work by crime to punish crime,
And slay, as if death had but this one gate?—BYRON.

WHAT IS MORE TERRIBLE THAN WAR?

OUTRAGED NATURE. She kills and kills, and is never tired of killing, till she has taught man the terrible lesson he is so slow to learn—that Nature is only conquered by obeying her. For the means of prevention, and for preserving health by natural means, use ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." Its simple but natural action removes all impurities, thus preserving and restoring health. If its great value in keeping the body in health were universally known, no family would be without it.

THE HOME RULE PROBLEM.—In the political world, Home Rule means negotiable ballast. "In the sanitary world, it means, in the whole Metropolis, upwards of 20,000 lives are still yearly sacrificed, and in the whole of the United Kingdom, upwards of 100,000 fall victims to gross causes which are preventable. . . . England pays not less than £24,000,000 per annum—that is to say, about three times the amount of poor-rates—in consequence of those diseases which the science of Hygiene teaches how to avoid, and which may be prevented."—CHADWICK.

PASS IT BY IF YOU LIKE, BUT IT IS TRUE!

WHAT MIND CAN GRASP THE LOSS TO MANKIND AND THE MISERY ENTAILED THAT THESE FIGURES REVEAL? What dashes to the earth so many hopes, breaks so many sweet alliances, blasts so many auspicious enterprises, as untimely death?—to say nothing of the immense increase of rates and taxes arising from the loss of the breadwinners of families.

AT HOME, MY HOUSEHOLD GOD! ABROAD, MY "VADE MECUM"!

IMPORTANT TO ALL LEAVING HOME FOR A CHANGE.

A GENERAL OFFICER, writing from Ascot on Jan. 2, 1886, says: "Blessings on your 'FRUIT SALT'! I trust it is not profane to say so, but, in common parlance, I swear by it. Here stands the cherished bottle, my little idol—at home, my household god; abroad, my *vade mecum*! Think not this the rhapsody of a hypochondriac! No: it is the outpouring of a grateful heart! I am, in common I daresay with numerous old fellows of my age (sixty-seven), now and then troubled with a tiresome liver. No sooner, however, do I use your cheery remedy, than exit pain—'Richard is himself again!' So highly do I value your composition that, when taking it, I grudge even the sediment always remaining at the bottom of the glass. I give the following advice to those who have learned to appreciate its inestimable benefits—

"When 'ENO'S SALT' betimes you take,
No waste of this elixir make;

But drain the dregs, and lick the cup,
Of this, the perfect pick-me-up."

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ERRORS IN TEETH BRUSHING.

It is safe to affirm that a large majority of persons err in the selection of a toothbrush. Most brushes are far too stiff, and their habitual use is attended with ill results. Many sets of teeth have been ruined by too much or injudicious brushing. Skill and not force, faithfulness and not muscle, are required to produce the best results.

Most persons scrub the outer surfaces of the teeth, as if to clean by scouring or friction were the object in using a brush. A very moderate application of a proper brush with a gentle frictional powder is sufficient for the external surfaces of the teeth, and is desirable in order to prevent the tendency to unsightly discolourations, but as a prevention of decay is the least useful mode of brushing. Indeed, if the cleansing process is carried no farther, this style of brushing does, perhaps, more harm than good, as it rubs particles of food and stringy mucus in between the teeth, and allows them to remain just where they are capable of producing the greatest mischief.

The toothbrush should be moderately soft, the bristles long and elastic, and of uneven lengths, so as to facilitate their introduction between the teeth. The upper teeth should be brushed downward and the lower teeth upward, thus avoiding crowding the gums from off the necks of the teeth, while tending to the dislodgment of any deposits between them: The articulating faces of the teeth should be brushed

with the same care as the other surfaces—backwards and forwards and from side to side over the grinding surfaces of the molars, so as to cleanse all the depressions. Once daily is quite enough to use a powder.

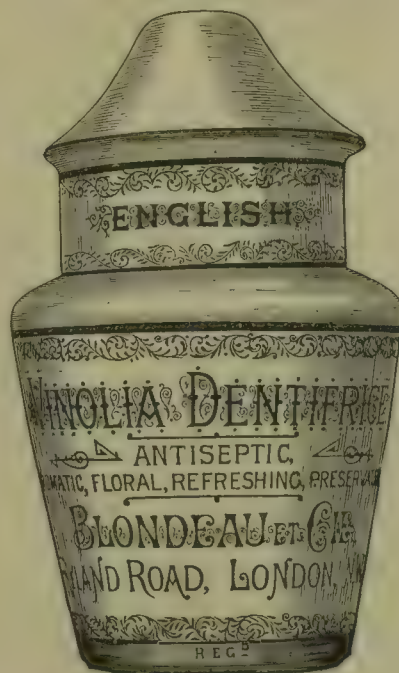
[As "Vinolia" Dentifrice is not a scouring tooth powder containing acicular particles, it may be used as often as one wishes. Leading dentists say it is wise to clean the teeth at least immediately after rising in the morning and just before going to bed at night.—B. and Cie.]

The use of a quill toothpick after meals to dislodge particles of food from between the teeth is advisable, as is also the use of a strand of wax floss silk passed between them at least once daily.

Such is the care suggested by the inestimable value of the teeth and by their tendency to decay. "But such care," remarks an American dentist, "can hardly be hoped for until the public realise that to lose a tooth is a real misfortune, to extract one unnecessarily a crime."

The loss of a tooth, except in the front of the mouth, is unfortunately not considered a serious matter by most persons, and the extent of the disaster is not appreciated, perhaps, for years afterwards. Were it otherwise, the small amount of attention required by the teeth would be cheerfully bestowed.—"CASSELL'S ALMANACK."

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FOREIGN NEWS.

It turns out, as might have been expected, that there was no truth whatever in the reported occupation of the islet of Sigrí, off Mitylene, by British sailors. Had such a thing taken place, it would have been tantamount to a declaration of war. A little reflection might have saved a deal of unnecessary excitement and alarm; but such is the extraordinary state of Europe at the present time that no *canard*, however incredible, fails to create the sensation it is intended to produce by those who, for reasons best known to themselves, have recently indulged with so much success in the manufacture and dissemination of false news.

In this connection, it is curious to observe that currency has been given in most European newspapers to a remarkable piece of information, purporting to come from Egypt, to the effect that, immediately on the return of the British and French Consuls-General to Cairo, the French and Russian representatives would approach the Egyptian Government with the object of demanding the withdrawal of British troops from Egypt. This story, besides being improbable on the face of it, has been somewhat clumsily concocted, for what would be the use—supposing there were any truth in the alleged news—of applying to the Egyptian Government to obtain the evacuation of Egypt? The Italian Consul in Tunis might just as well ask the Bey of Tunis to request the French to be good enough to walk out of the country.

It would be too much to hope that the last of the *canards* of the season has been hatched, but there are signs that European opinion is getting rather less prone to alarm and disposed to scrutinise the news with which it is provided every morning in a more critical spirit.

It was to be expected that during their interview at Schwarzenau the German and Austrian Emperors would discuss the political situation. According to the information given by the Paris correspondent of a London daily paper, the two Emperors have at last agreed on what would be considered by them as *casus belli*, which would compel the signatory Powers to come to the aid of those that might be directly attacked. They are the following: First, France attacking Italy; secondly, France attacking Germany; thirdly, Russia attacking Austria. It should be added that Count Kalnoky is said to have denied the truth of the information; but it is more likely to be incomplete than incorrect, for no mention is made of a fourth attack, of Germany by Russia. As for the three cases just mentioned, there can be no possible doubt as to what would be the attitude of the Triple Alliance should they ever occur.

Considerable excitement was caused a few days ago by a remarkable utterance of the German Emperor. On Monday, Sept. 14, after reviewing the troops at Erfurt, his Majesty said, according to the report of the *Berlin Post*: "Erfurt forms a serious point in our history. At this place the Corsican parvenu most deeply humbled us and most horribly treated us." These words, as soon as they were known in France, raised a storm of indignation. Two days later the official *Reichsanzeiger* gave a different version of the speech, in which the expression "Corsican invader" was substituted for that of

"Corsican parvenu," but the first version was generally accepted as being the correct one, and French papers of all shades of opinion violently attacked the German Emperor for having spoken in such disparaging terms of Napoleon I.

It has been concluded from this outburst of indignation on the part of even the Republican Press of France that the French, intoxicated by the Cronstadt reception, and the state of efficiency of their army, as evidenced by the recent manœuvres in the eastern Departments, were likely to become aggressive and less anxious for the maintenance of peace. Nothing, fortunately, is further from the truth, and a proof of the pacific inclination of the French may be found in the calm and dignified speech delivered at Vitry by M. Carnot, after the magnificent review of 120,000 men which concluded the manœuvres. Besides, the irritation of the French people on reading the original report of Emperor William's speech may be fairly looked upon as a sign that the institutions of France are now so firmly established that all parties, sinking their differences, are large-minded and fair enough to recognise the greatness of national heroes, and that an element of discord and probable danger has thus been removed. In addition to this, it should be remembered that the French clergy are now giving their adhesion unreservedly to the Republican Government. This is a further guarantee that the internal politics of France are in a satisfactory state, and as France has never been restless abroad when she was quiet at home, all these facts tend to confirm the opinion that France is bent on pursuing a policy of peace.

The distress consequent upon the floods in Spain is appalling. It is said that no less than 100,000 people have been rendered homeless, and that there is serious danger that these unfortunate people, goaded by hunger, may be driven to extremities. Disturbances and riots are reported to have occurred in the inundated provinces, and the situation is considered most serious. Queen Christina, who displayed great forethought and sympathy with the sufferers, has headed the list of subscriptions for the relief of the victims of the catastrophe with a munificent gift of 100,000 pesetas. The disaster which has overtaken Spain has evoked marks of deep sympathy from all parts of Europe, and subscriptions have been organised in Germany and France, as well as in this country. It is said that at Consuegra alone 1215 bodies were interred on the 16th, but the number will never be accurately known of those who lost their lives during the inundations, which have been worse than the floods of 1878 and 1884.

At last it would seem that the Governments of Great Britain, France, Germany, and the United States are on the point of taking decisive action in China in order to protect the lives and property of their citizens residing in the Chinese Empire. An arrangement is reported to have been come to by these four Powers, according to which the representatives or naval commander of any of them are to afford protection or refuge to the citizens of the others in case of danger, riots, or disturbances generally.

From India it is announced that Captain Younghusband, who has been in Kashgar for some months, and had travelled

to Little Pamir to obtain information as to the object of the Russian exploring parties, has been excluded from that region by the Russians, who claim supremacy over it as well as over the Alichar Valley. Lieutenant Davison, who met Captain Younghusband at Kashgar, and seems to have been travelling with him, was the object of a similar decree of expulsion.

The last news from Chile about ex-President Balmaceda, who was said to have escaped on board an American man-of-war, disguised as a drunken sailor, and again to have crossed the Andes into the Argentine, is that he has committed suicide by shooting himself with a pistol while hiding in the Argentine Legation in Santiago. The population of Santiago, we are told, is rejoicing at his death, and regretting at the same time that they have not had the opportunity of tearing him to pieces, which he certainly would have been had he fallen into the hands of his pursuers. That this would have been his fate was asserted by the commander of the *Itata*, who, for this very reason, expected Balmaceda would kill himself. Of course the news may be true, but it will be well to wait for an official confirmation of Balmaceda's death before believing in a story which might be as incorrect as that of his reputed escapes.

The Bishop of Exeter, in passing through Canada on his way to Japan—where his son has a ministerial charge—speaks enthusiastically of the growth of Canada since he visited it twenty years ago.

Sir Henry Loch has started from Capetown on a tour through the Transkeian provinces. Mr. Cecil Rhodes has arrived at Natal on his journey to Mashonaland, which he proposes reaching via the Pungwe River.

The Maharajah of Mysore has sent a subscription of £104 to the funds of the International Congress of Hygiene and Demography, lately held under the presidency of the Prince of Wales.

The Marquis of Dufferin, the Marquis of Lorne, and Lord Monck have written to Kingston, Ontario, adding their names to the list of those in sympathy with the movement to erect a Canadian national monument to the late Sir John Macdonald.

The Bishop of London, who has been staying at Penmaen-mawr since the beginning of August, will deliver his second triennial charge to the clergy of the diocese in November. Bishop Ellicott, of Gloucester and Bristol, will also undertake his visitation this autumn.

Mr. Spurgeon continues slowly to improve. On Sept. 19 he again took carriage exercise, with little sign of fatigue. The following bulletin has been issued: "The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon has made satisfactory progress during the week. He has taken nourishment rather more freely, and in some measure his strength is maintained."

A committee has been formed to establish a memorial to the late M. Gustave Libotton, principal professor of the violoncello at the Guildhall School of Music from the foundation of that institution. It is proposed that this should take the form of a scholarship for violoncello students, to be competed for annually at the Guildhall School.

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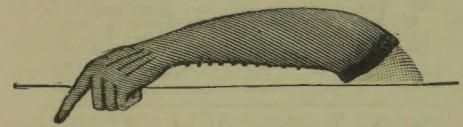
We have received from G. Ricordi and Co. "Suite of Five Characteristic Pieces for Pianoforte," by C. Albanesi. These are all excellent compositions, and should certainly be added to the repertory of pianists who make a special study of graceful and effective music for drawing-room performance. The first in the book is entitled "Charmeuse," and is a truly poetical and tender melody. Of the others, the "Mazurka" and "Repos" are exceptionally attractive.—From Henri Logé's pen we have a song, "The Dinted Shield" (words by F. E. Weatherly), which will suit the public taste. It is full of variety, and effective without being positively difficult.—"Saved from the Wreck" is a highly coloured "descriptive" song, with harmonium accompaniment *ad lib.* The words are by G. W. Southey, and the music by H. Elliot Lath. This song, in which the melody of the "Sicilian Mariner's Hymn" is introduced, is well written, and should make effect.—"Dreams of Home" is a good song with a tuneful refrain and flowing accompaniment, words by Flora Macdonald, music by W. G. Wood.—A lovely song is one entitled "Sempere dormir!" which is the reply to Massenet's "Crépuscule," and composed by Giovanni Clerici, a

well-known pianist and teacher in Florence, and a pupil of the late Henri Ketten. It is replete with dainty charm and originality of treatment. The words are by Ferdinandi Statti, and it is published in two keys. It is one of the prettiest songs we have heard for some time. From Signor Clerici's pen we have also two elegant pianoforte pieces: one, "Soir," a romantic melody, and the other a "Hungarian Dance," full of movement and characteristic spirit. We shall look forward to more of Signor Clerici's compositions.

W. Morley and Co. have sent us a waltz entitled "For thee," by Jasper Vale-Lane, which is interesting from the fact that it was the first musical composition (printed in England) entered in America under the new Copyright Act. The waltz is taking if not strikingly original.—"If ever" is a fairly attractive and tuneful love song, by Gerald Lane, from whose pen we also have a waltz on his telling song "Down by the sea."—Morley's "Pianoforte Tutor," one of this firm's shilling series of modern tutors, is a marvel of cheapness, and the system seems to be admirable.—A pretty song, published in three keys, is "Silver Shadows," words by John Muir, music by Thomas Hutchinson, Mus.Bac. Oxon.—"Her lad at sea,"

poem by Arthur Chapman, music by J. M. Capel. A good song with a pathetic little story, well told in words and melody.—"Visions and voices," an attractive contralto song, by Oliver King, words by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone.—"This and that," a quaint and merry ditty, by Henry Pontet, words by Nemo. In two keys.—"Carnavalesque," a pianoforte piece, by P. de Vetski.

From Romer and Co.—"Danse Algérienne," *entr'acte* for piano, by Henri Pasteur. This is a really charming piece, the treatment being effective and showy without being difficult. M. Pasteur's "Arabi March" is spirited and taking.—"Hushed to rest," words by Edward Oxenford, music by Augustus Toop, an exquisite lullaby for a low voice with violin obbligato.—"Poppy Land," words by W. G. Larkins, music by Albert Marchbank. This is a song utterly devoid of new idea, but it has an attractive melody and refrain. The same composer's "Zara" is a fairly good waltz.—"The Laburnum Bower," by Edith Cooke, words by John Muir, is an ordinary song without much charm. The same can be said of Louise Morrison's "Long Years," words by Manuela.—"Her last Song," words by Charles H. Thompson, music by A. Van Hoorn, is simple and tuneful.



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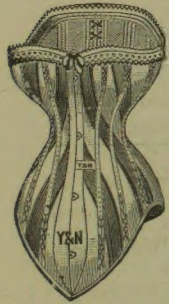
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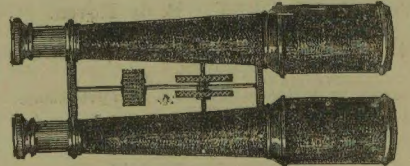
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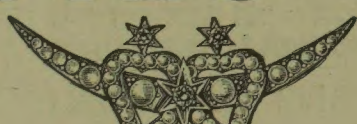
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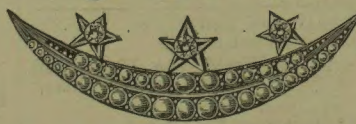
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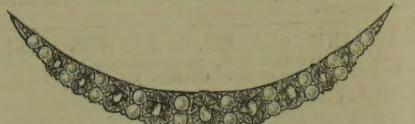
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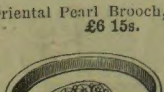
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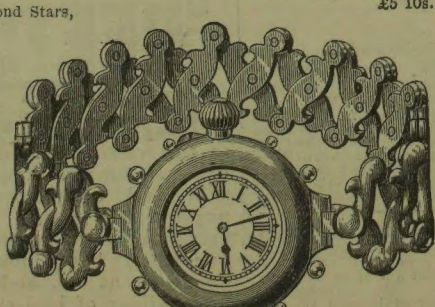
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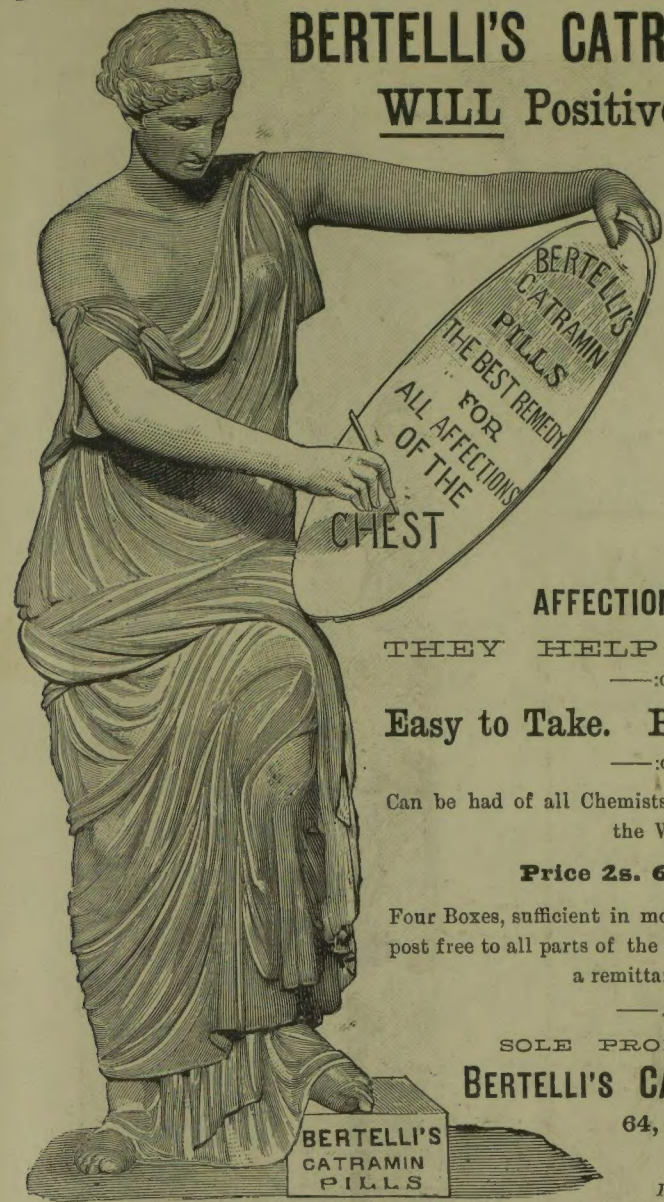
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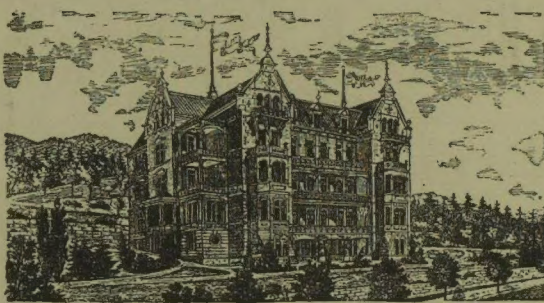
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